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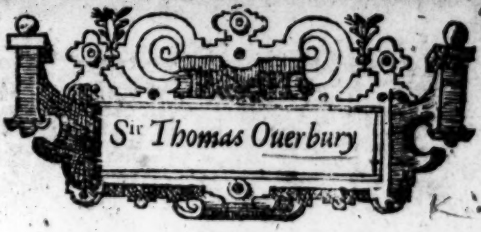

K

HIS

WIFE.

WITH

ADDITION OF

many new ELEGIES vpon his *vntimely and much lamented death.*

AS ALSO

New Newes, and diuers more Characters, (neuer before annexed) written by himselfe and other learned Gentlemen.

The ninth impression augmented.

LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Griffin* for *Laurence L'isle*, and are to be sold at his shop at the Tigers head in Paules Churchyard. 1616.

To the Reader.

THE generall acceptance of this matchleſſe *Poem* the *Wife*, (written by SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*) is ſufficiently approued by many, the worth whereof if any other, out of malice, ſhall neglect to commend, hee may well (if it proceed, from nice Criticiſme) be exluded as a Churliſh Retainer to the MVSES: if from direct plaine dealing, he ſhall be degraded for inſuffi-

ſufficiencie. For had ſuch a *Poem* beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our eaſie conſeruations of wit by printing, they would haue cõmitted it to braſſe leſt iniurious time might depriue it of due eternitie; If to cõuerſe with a Creature ſo amiable as is here deſcribed, be thought difficult; let the contemplation thereof be held admirable. To which are added (this ninth impreſſion) many new *Elegies* of his vntimely death, and diuerſe more *Characters* and *Newes* written by himſelfe and others his friends. Howſoeuer, they are now expoſed, not onely to the Iudicious, but to all that cary the leaſt ſcruple of mother wit about them.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui—— Mar.

Lan: L'iſle.

Elegies of seuerall Authors, on the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerbury* poysoned in the Tower.

Vpon the vntimely Death of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

T'would ease our sorrows, t'would release our teares,
Could we but heare those high celestiall Spheares,
Once tune their Motions to a dolefull straine
In sympathie of what we Mortalls plaine.
Or see their faire Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when blacke Deeds, so strange,
As might force pitty from the Heart of Hell
Are hatch't by Monsters, which amongvs dwell.
The Stars me thinks, like men inclin'de to sleep,
Should through their chrystall casements scarcely peep,
Or at least view vs but with halfe an eye,
For feare their chaster Influence *might descry*
Some murdering hand, oaded in guiltlesse bloud,
Blending vile inices to destroy the good.
The Sunne should wed his Beames to endles Night,
And in dull darkenesse canopie his Light,
When from the ranke stewes of adulterous Brests,
Where euery base vnhallowed Proiect rests,

Is height, as in defiance of his shine,
A streame, might make euen Death it selfe to pine.
But these things happen still; but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more lustre did these lampes appeare:
Mercury *capers with a winged heele,*
As if he did no touch of sorrow feele,
And yet he sees a true Mercurian killd,
Whose birth his Mansion with much honour filld.
But let me not mistake those Powers aboue,
Nor taxe iniuriously those Courts of Ioue;
Surely, they ioy to see these Acts reueald,
Which in blinde silence haue been long conceald;
And Virtue now triumphant; whil'st we mourne
To thinke that ere she was foule Vices scorne:
Or that poore Ouer-buries *blond was made*
A sacrifice to Malice and darke Shade.
Weston *thy Hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did sway,*
Which did his life to endles sleepe conuay.
But rest thou where thou art; Ile seeke no glory
By the relation of so sad a story.
If any more were prinie to the Deed,
And for the Crime must be adiudg'd to bleed,
To Heauen I pray, with heau'd vp Hands and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their Soules may rise.
And as those equally turne to one Dust,
So these alike may shine among the Iust.
And there make vp one glorious constellation,
Who suffred here in such a differing fashion.

D. T.

To the Memory of that generally bewailed Gentleman, Sr. *Thomas Ouerburie.*

BVt that w'are bound in Christian pietie
To wish Gods will be done; and Destinie
(In all that haps to Men, or Good, or Ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored Will; (Breath,
Me thinks, t'obserue how Vertue drawes faint
Subiect to slanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wise men kept low, others aduanc'd to State;
Right checkt by wrong, and Ill men fortunate;
These mou'd Effects, from an vnmoued Cause,
Might shake the firmest faith; Heauens fixed Lawes
Might casuall seeme, and each irregular Sence
Spurne at iust Order, blame Gods Prouidence.
But what is man, t'expostulate th'Intents
Of his high Will, or iudge of strange Euents?
The rising Sunne to mortall sight reueales
This earthly Globe; but yet the starres conceales;
So may the Sence discouer Naturall Things;
Diuine, aboue the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad Instrument
Doe I accuse, in each sad Accident:
Good men must fall, rapes, incests, murders come;
But woe and curses follow them by whom:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their sin,
For that proceeds from diu'lish lust within.

Thou

Thou then that ſufferd'ſt by thoſe formes ſo vile,
From whom thoſe wicked Inſtruments did file
Thy droſſie part, to make thy Fame ſhine cleare,
And Shrine thy ſoule in Heauens all glorious
Who being good, naught les to thee befel, (ſphere;
Though it appear'd diſguiſ'd in ſhape of Hell;
Vaniſh thy Blood and Nerues; True life alone
In Vertue liues, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deathles: O behold,
(If thou canſt looke ſo low as Earths baſe mould)
How dreadfull Iuſtice (late with lingring Foote)
Now comes like Whirle-winde? how it ſhakes the
Of loftie Cedars; makes the ſtately Brow (Root
Bend to the Foot? how all men ſee that now
The Breath of infamie doth moue their Sailes;
Whiles thy deare name by loues more harty gales
Shall ſtill keep Winge, vntill thy Fames extent
Fill eu'ry part of this vaſt Continent.
Then you the Syre of this thus murder'd Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; ſince he hath wonne
More Honor in his Sufferance; and his Death
Succeeded by his Vertues endles Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Loue might erect a Statue; Zeale, a Temple:
On his true worth the Muſes might be ſtayne
To die his Honors Web in pureſt Graine.

C. B.

Vpon the vntimely Death of the Author of this ingenious *Poem* Sir THO: OVERBVRY Knight poyſoned in *the Towre.*

SO many *Moones* ſo many times gone round,
And roſe from *hell*, and *darknes* vnder ground,
And *yet till now, this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to Light? ô tardie *Heauen*! yet tell
If *Murther* layes him downe to ſleepe with *Luſt*
Or no? reueale, as *thou* art *Truth*, and *Iuſt*,
The *Secrets* of this vniuſt Secure *Act*,
And what *our Feares* make vs ſuſpect, *compact*
With greater deedes of miſchiefe, for alone
We thinke not *This*, and do ſuſpect yet *One*,
To *which* compar'd, *This*, but a *falling Starre*,
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy *Care*
We ſee takes *meaner things*: *It* times the *World*
The *Signes* at rãdom thorough the *Zodiack* hurld,
The *Stars* wild wandrings, & the glib quick *hinges*
Which turne both *Poles*; and all the *violent changes*
It ouer-lookes, which trouble th'endleſſe courſe
Of the high Firmament: *by thy bleſt Force*
Do hoary winter Froſts make forreſts bare
And ſtraight to Groues again their ſhades repaire,

By

By *Thee* doth *Autumns, Lyons-flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeere sustaine
Her burdned powres: *ô being still the same,*
Ruling so much, and vnder *whom* the frame
Of this vast world weighd, all his *Orbes* dost guide.
Why are thy Cares of Men no more applyde?
Or if: why seem'st thou sleeping to the *Good,*
And *guarding* to the *Ill?* as if the *brood*
Of best things still must Chance take in command
And not thy *Prouidence*: and *Her blinde Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroneously disburse,
Which so let fall, ne're fall but to the *worse?*
Whence *so, great crimes* commit the *Greater* sort,
And boldest acts of shame blaze in the *Court,*
Where *Buffones* worship in their *rise* of *State*
Those filthy *Scarabs,* whom they *Serue,* and *Hate.*
Sure things meere *backward, there*; *Honor* disgracst,
And *Vertue* layd by *Fraud,* and *Poyson,* waste:
The *Adulterer vp like Haman,* and so *Sainted*:
And *Femals modestly* (as *Femals*) painted,
Lost in all reall worth: what shall we say?
Things so farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaëton*
Stolne into *Phœbus waine,* had all misse-won
A cleane contrary way: ô powerfull *God,*
Right all amisse, and set the wonted period
Of *Goodnesse* in his place againe: *This deed*
Be *Vsher* to bring foorth the *Maske,* and *Weed*

Where

Where vnder, blacker things lye hid perhap,
And yet haue Hope to make a safe escape.
Of *This*, make knowne, why such an instrument
As *Weston*, a *poore Serving-man*, should rent
The frame of *this sad-good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Court-bred* learned OVERBVRIE,
In strife for an *Ambassadorship*? no, no,
His *Orbe* held no such *light*: what did he owe
The *Prophet* malice for composing *this*,
This Cynosura in neat *Poësis*,
How *Good*, and *Great* men ought, and *All*, to chuse
A *chast*, *fit*, *noble Wife*, and the abuse
Of *Strumpets* friendly shadowing in the same,
Was this his fault? or doth there lie a flame
Yet in the embers not vnrak't, for which
He di'de so fallsly? *Heauen* wee do beseech
Vnlocke this secret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the blood, Lust made vntrue.

W. S.

An Elegie consecrated to the memory of the truly worthy and learned Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* KNIGHT.

HAd not thy wrong, like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not been assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which do in cold blood fight
Had come but faintly on; for, euer, he
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*
(Vnlesse some neerer cause do him inspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passion (after, lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!
Was't not enough to see his deare life bowe
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnspotted *Fame*?
O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* sometime would enact
No doome for *Parricide*, supposing none
Could euer so offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Iustice* salues not: leauing that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.
Yet through thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow these
Glasses which multiply the *Species*,

We

We ſee thy vertues more; and they become
So many *Statues* ſleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein, confinement new thou ſhalt endure,
But ſo; as when to make a *Pearle* more pure
We giue it to a *Doue*, in whoſe wombe pent
Some time, we haue it forth moſt orient.
Such is thy luſtre now, that venom'd *Spight*
With her blacke Soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a courſe begins to runne
With thoſe that curſe the riſing of the *Sunne*.
The poyſon, that works vpwards now, ſhall ſtriue
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preſeruatiue*.
And witch-craft that can maske the *vpper Shine*
With no one cloud ſhall blinde a raye of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obſcure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguiſh'd it,
And after time, that broke their bondage chaine
Found it, to fire their ſacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* ſomewhile, but being found,
The *Muſes Altars* plentifully crownd
With ſweet perfumes, by it new kindled be
And offer all to thy deare Memorie.
Nor haue we loſt thee long: thou art not gone,
Nor canſt deſcend into *Oblivion*.
But twice the *Sun* went round ſince thy ſoule fled,
And only *that time* men ſhall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (raiſd to life) thou ſtill ſhalt haue
An *Antidote* againſt the ſilent Graue.

W. B. Int: Temp.

Vpon the vntimely Death of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

IF for to liue be but a misery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life should be amended:
Yet wert to compasse his insatiate Lust,
He this last friendship tendred to thee: trust
Whiles he dishonour'd and defam'd may die,
Iustice and Fame, shall crowne thy memorie.

B. G. *medij Temp.*

In obitum intempeſtiuum & lachrimabilem Illuſtiſſimi Equitis aurati TH: OVERBVRI magnæ ſpei & expectationis Viri.

HOw euer windie miſchiefe raiſe vp high
Darke thickning clouds, to powre vpon vs all,
A tempeſt of foule rumors, which deſcry
Thy hard miſhap and ſtrange diſaſtrous fall;
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather ſhould haue raiſd thee vp to ſtand.

Yet ſhalt thou here ſuruiue in pittying fame,
In thy ſweet Wife, in theſe moſt acute lines,
In well reputed Characters of name,
And vertues tombe, which all thy honor ſhrines:
In ſpight of enuie, or the proudeſt hate,
That thus hath ſet opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, ſith it falls out ſo,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a boxe of pretious balme did dare:
With whoſe perfume, although it was thus ſpild,
The houſe and commers by were better filld.

Cap: *Tho: Gainsford.*

A memoriall,
Offered to that man of virtue,
Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

ONce dead and twice aliue; Death could not frame
A death, whose sting could kil him in his fame.
He might haue liu'd, had not the life, which gaue
Life to his life, betraid him to his graue.
If greatnes could consist in being Good,
His Goodnesse did adde titles to his blood.
Only vnhappy in his liues last fate,
In that he liu'd so soone, to die so late.
Alas whereto shall men oppressed trust,
When Innocence cannot protect the iust?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemie his ruine, but his friend.
Cold friendship, where hot vowes are but a breath,
To guerdon poore simplicitie with Death:
Was neuer man, that felt the sense of griefe
So Ouer-bury'de in a safe beliefe:
Beliefe? ô cruell slaughter? times vnbred,
Will say, who dies that is vntimely dead,
By treacherie, of lust, or by disgrace,
In friendship, 'twas but *Ouerburies* case;
Which shall not more cõmend his truth, then proue
Their guilt, who were his opposites in loue.

Rest

Rest happy Man; and in thy spheare of Awe
Behold how Iustice swaies the sword of law,
To weed out those, whose hãds imbrew'd in blood,
Cropt of thy youth, and flower in the bud.
Sleepe in thy Peace: thus happy hast thou prou'd,
Thou mightst haue dy'de more knowne, not more
Io: Fo: (belou'd.

Vpon SIR *Thomas Ouerbury* the Author of this ingenious POEM.

H*Esperydes* (within whose gardens grow
Apples of Gold,) may well thy losse deplore,
For in those Gardens they could neuer show,
A tree so faire of such a fruitfull store.
Grace was the Root, and thou thy Selfe the Tree,
Sweete counsells were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorne the Stocke,
Reason the Leafe vpon those branches spred,
Vnder thy shadow did the *Muses* flocke,
And (by Thee as a mantle couered.
But what befell, ô too much out of kinde?
For thou wast blasted by a West-on winde.

R. Ca.

Of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* his *Wife* and *Marriage.*

WHen I behold this Wife of thine, ſo faire,
So far remou'd from vulgar beauties (Ayre
Being leſſe bright and pure) me thinks I ſee
An vncloth'd Soule, by potent Alchymie
Extraught from ragged Matter. Thou haſt made
A Wife more innocent then any Maide.
Eua'hs ſtate, before the fall's, decyphered here,
And *Plato's* naked vertu's not more cleare
Such an *Idea* as ſcarce wiſhes can
Arriue at, but our Hopes muſt ne're attaine.
A Soule ſo far beyond the common Make
As ſcorn'd corporeall ioyning. For her ſake
(Deſpairing elſe contract) Thou too turn'ſt Soule;
And, to enioy her faires without comptroule,
Caſt'ſt of this bodies clog: ſo muſt all doe,
Caſt Matter of, who would abſtraction wooe.
To flie ſo ſoone then (Soule) well haſt thou don:
For, in this life, ſuch beauties are not won.
But when I call to minde thine vnripe fall,
And ſo ſad ſummons to thy Nuptiall,
Either, in her, thy bold deſires did taſte
Forbidden fruite, and haue this Curſe purchaſt.
Or, hauing this Elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the remnant of Creation,)

The

The *faces* their malignant Spirits breath
To puniſh thine ambitious loue with death.
Or, thy much enui'de choice hath made the reſt
Of Concrete Relicts point their aymes infeſt
To thy confuſion. And with them ſeduc'de
Friendſhip (diſpleaſ'd to ſee a Loue produc'de
Leſſe carnall then it ſelfe) with policie
So pure and chaſt a Loue to nullifie.
Yet, howſoe're, their proiect flies in ſmoke, (choke.
The poyſon's cordiall, which they ment ſhould
Their deeds of darknes, like the Bridall Night,
Haue ioyn'd ſpirituall Louers, in deſpight
Of falſe attempts: And now the wedding's donn;
When in this life, ſuch fayres had not beene wonn.

E. G.

To the Booke.

THou wofull Widdow, once happie Wife,
That didſt enioy ſo ſweete a Mate:
Who, now bereaued, is, of Life,
Vntimely wrought, through inward hate.
O Deed moſt vile, to haſt the end
Of him, that was ſo good a friend.

F. H.

On this excellent Poem *the Wife*.

Loe here the matchles patterne of a Wife,
Diſciphered in forme of Good, and Bad:
The Bad commends the good, as Darke doth Light,
Or as a loathed Bed a ſingle Life;
The Good, with Wiſdome and Diſcretion clad,
With Modeſtie, and faire demeanour dight,
Whoſe Reaſon doth her Will to Loue inuite.

Reaſon begot, and Paſſion bred her Loue,
Selfe-will She ſhunn'd, Fitnes the Mariage made;
Fitnes doth cheriſh Loue, Selfe-will Debate.
Loe thus; and in this Monument of proofe
A perfect Wife, a Worke nor Time can fade,
Nor looſe reſpect betray to mortall Fate.
This, none can equall; Beſt, but imitate.

R. C.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the VVife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I haue found occaſion
Honeſt and iuſt; without the worlds perſwaſion
Or flatterie or briberie to commend
A woman for her goodnes; and God ſend
I may finde many more: I wiſh them well,
They are pretty things to play with: when *Eue* fell
She tooke a care that all the Wo-men kinde
That were to follow her, ſhould be as blinde
As ſhe was wilfull; and till this good Wife,
This peece of Vertue, that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile Mothers labor: Thoſe ſtand ſtill
As marginalls to point vs to our ill
Came to the world, as other creatures doe
That know no God but will; we learnt to woe,
And if ſhe were but faire and could but kiſſe,
Twenty to one we could not chooſe amiſſe;
And as we iudge of trees if ſtraight and tall
That may be ſound, yet neuer till the fall
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them; So till now
We only knew we muſt loue; but not how.
But here we haue example, and ſo rare,
That if we hold but common ſenſe and care,
And ſteere by this card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly ſay at his Natiuitie,

That man was seal'd a foole: yet all this good
Giuen as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and blood
Some may auerre and strongly twas meere ment
In way of practise, but not president;
Either will make vs happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this mysterie,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himselfe a partner for his life
More then a woman better then a Wife.

I. F.

Eiusdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the first fraile Woman came,
The first that euer made vs know our shame,
And finde the curse of labor; so againe,
Goodnesse and vnderstanding found a man
To take this shame away; and from him sprung
A peece of excellence without a Tongue
Because it should not wrong vs; yet the life
Makes it appeare a Woman and a Wife.
And this is she, if euer Woman shall
Doe good hereafter; borne to blesse our fall.

J. F.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the Wife.

WEre euery beauty, euery ſeuerall grace,
Which is in Women, in one womans face,
Some courtly Gallants might, I think, come to her,
Which would not wed her, though they ſeem'd to woe her
Setled affections follow not the Eye; (
Reaſon and Iudgement, muſt their courſe deſcrie.
Pigmalions Image made of Marble ſtone,
Was lik'd of all; belou'd of him alone.
But heer's a Dame growne husbandleſſe of late,
Which not a Man but wiſheth were his Mate.
So faire without, ſo free from ſpot within,
That Earth ſeemes heere to ſtand exempt from ſin.
Iuno vouchſafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D. T.

On

On the Wife.

BEauty affords contentment to the Eye
Riches are meanes to cure a weake eſtate,
Honour illuſtrates what it commeth nie:
To marry thus men count it happy Fate.
Vertue they think doth in theſe Emblems ſhroud,
But triall ſhewes they are gulled with a Cloud:

Theſe are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward cariage, geſture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that ſets a Woman forth:
And in this Woman, theſe haue each a place.
Were all Wiues ſuch, This age would happy be,
But happier that of our Poſteritie.

D. T.

On the Wife.

WEl haſt thou ſaid, that womē ſhould be ſuch;
And were they that, had but a third as much
I would be maried too, but that I know
Not what ſhe is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy Widdow be my Wife.

X. Z.

On the Wife.

THis perfect Creature, to the Eaſterne vſe
Liu'd, whilſt a wife retir'd from common ſhow:
Not that her Louer fear'd, the leaſt abuſe,
But with the wiſeſt, knew it fitter ſo:
Since, falne a widdow, and a zealous one,
She would haue ſacrifizde her ſelfe agen,
But importun'd to life; is now alone,
Lou'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wiſe ſingle men,
Which, to th'adultrous reſt, that dare begin
There vſ'd temptations, were a mortall ſinne.

To the Wife.

EXpoſ'd to all, thou wilt leſſe worthy ſeeme
I feare: Wiues common, all men diſeſteeme;
Yet ſome things haue a diffring Fate: ſome fret
We doubt in wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid Medalls ruſt, which being vſ'de grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night.
Thou though more common, then maiſt ſeem more
I only wiſh thou maiſt be vnderſtood. (good

G. R.

To the cleane contrary Wife.

Look here: & chide thoſe ſpirits, which maintain
Their Empire, with ſo ſtrong cómand in you,
That all good eyes, which do your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them, muſt once ſuſtaine:
O from thoſe Euills, which free Soules diſdaine
To be acquainted with,) and but perſue
Worſt Minds) from them (as hateful, as vntrue,)
By reading this, for Fames faire ſake refraine:
Who would let feed vpon her birth, the brood
Of lightnes, Indiſcretion, and the ſhame
Of fowle Incontinence, when the baſe blood
Is careleſſe only of an Honourd Name,
Be all that gentle are, more high Improou'd,
For looſe Dames are but flatter'd, neuer Lou'd.

W: Stra:

Of the choyce of a Wife.

IF I were to chuſe a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry:
I would truſt the eye of no man,
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of Loue and Glory
Each tongue beſt tells his owne ſtory.

Firſt, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would haue her childe to ſuch:
Whoſe free vertuous liues are older
Then Antiquitie can touch:
For tis ſeldom ſeene, that Blood
Giues a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient ſtocke may bring
Branches I confeſſe of worth,
Like rich mantles ſhadowing
Thoſe deſcents that brought them forth,
Yet ſuch Hills though gilded ſhow
Sooneſt feele the Age of ſnow.

Therefore

Therefore to preuent such care
That repentance soone may bring,
Like Marchants I would chuse my ware,
Vse-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for state or face,
Buyes a Horse to lose a Race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kist away:
I would haue her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
But descending to the Sea,
Make her set with none but me.

If she be not tall tis better
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it selfe in such a letter,
That it leaues vnstudied no man:
I would haue my Mistresse grow
Onely tall, to answere No.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

Yet I would not haue her loſe
So much breeding, as to fling
Vnbecomming ſcorne on thoſe
That muſt worſhip euery thing.
Let her feare looſe lookes to ſcatter,
And looſe men will feare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare,
More for loue of name then bed:
So each childe I haue is heyre
To another maydenhead;
For ſhe that in the act's afraide,
Enery nigh'is another maide.

Such a one, as when ſhees woo'd
Blu ſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
But ſo innocently good,
That her dreames are euer chaſt;
For that Maide that thinkes a ſin,
Has betraide the Fort ſhee's in

In

Of the choyce of a Wife.

In my visitation still,
I would haue her scatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill,
After protestations Teares:
And who vowes a constant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

When the Priest first gines our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heauen, like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons *rod together,*
Both may bud, grow greene, and wither.

An *Elegie* in praise of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury and his* POEM.

T'Is dangerous to be *good*: well we may praise
Honestie, or *Innocence*; but who can raise
A powre, that shall secure't, gainst wrongs to come,
When such a *Saint* hath suffer'd *Martyrdome*?
Iniurious hands, which 'cause they could not get
The *gemme*, would therefore spoile the *cabinet*.
But, though the *cage* be broake, the *bird* is flowne
To *heauen*, her proper and securer home:
Where 'mongst a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphims*, she sings
Those sacred *Hallelniahs*: heauen may boast
T'haue got that Angell there, which we haue *lost*:
But we shall still complaine, for to vs *here*,
A *Saint* is more losse, than a *throne* is *there*.
That *firmament* of holy *fires*, which wee
Enioyd, whilst thou wert, by enioying thee,
Lyes now rak't vp in *ashes* as the light
Of day, the Sun once gone, is drownd in night.
But as the *Moone*, sometimes, the *Sun* being set,
Appeares, and we a new (though lesse) light get;
So, though our greatest *lampe*, of vertue be,
By cruell Fate, *extinguished*, in thee;
Yet, to adde some fresh *oyle*, t'our *snuffe* of life,
Thou hast, behind thee, left a matchlesse *Wife*:

Who hath (since that sad time her Husband di'de)
Bin wooed by many, for a second bride:
But, like a chast religious widdow, she,
Hauing lost her first mate, Scornes *bigamie*.

P. B. *medij Temp.*

A *Statue* Erected in memorie of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* his *Wife*.

VPon a *Marble* fram'd by th' cunning'st hand,
In garments greene, and orient to behold,
Like a most louely *Virgin* let her stand
And on her head a crowne of purest gold.
First let Religion, in her heart haue place
As th'ground & fountain whence all vertues spring,
So that each thought being sanctified by Grace:
The punishment t' escape, that's due to sinne.
Let *Beauty* (ioyn'd with modestie) appeare
Loues obiect in her face; and chastitie
In her faire *eyes*, brighter then chrystall cleere
Wherein life moues, affections led *thereby*.
In her hands *charitie*, and at the right
The holy Angells let protecting be:

And

nd at the left, Gods mercies shining bright
istributing to each necessitie.
et th'earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
he heauens their influence, and by the same
nto the blinde their sight let her restore
trength'ning the weake, and raising vp the lame.
nder her feete, the Diuell and darkenesse set
et Pride fast bound in chaines behinde her lie
ase *selfe-loue*, not appeare in place, and let
oule-lust, and *Enuie* from her presence flie.
And on her *Breast*, in golden letters write
Heauens best belou'd, earths chiefest delight.

He that (in's Choyce) would meete with such a Wife,
Must vowe virginitie, and single life.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* and his VVIFE.

ALL right, all wrong befalls me through a Wife,
A Bad one gaue me Death, a Good one Life.

An Elegie vpon the Death of Sir Thomas Ouerbury Knight poysoned in the Tower.

Hadst thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth
Sicknad and dyde been ſtretcht-out and laid-forth
After thy farewell Sermon, taken earth
And left no deed to praiſe thee but thy birth,
Then Ouerbury *by a paſſe of theirs*
Thou mightſt haue tyded hence in two howres teares,
Then had we worne thy ſprigs of memory
No longer then thy friends did roſemary;
Or then the doale was eating for thy ſake.
And thou hadſt ſunke in thy owne wine and cake,
But ſince it was ſo ordered and thought fit
By ſome who knew thy truth and fear'd thy wit
Thou ſhouldſt be poyſoned, Death hath done thee grace,
Ranckt thee aboue the region of thy place,
For none heares poyſon nam'd but makes replie
What Prince was that? what Statеſ-man ſo did die?
In this thou haſt outdyde an Elegie
Which were to narrow for poſteritie
And thy ſtrong poyſon which did ſeeme to kill
Working a freſh in ſome Hiſtorians quill,
Shall now preſerue thee longer ere thou rot,
Then could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Nor

Nor needest thou trust a Herrald with thy name,
That art the voice of Iustice and of Fame;
Whilst sinne (detesting her owne conscience) strives
To pay the vse and interest of lives
Enough of ryme, and might it please the law
Enough of bloud; for naming lines I saw
He that writes more of thee must write of more
Which I affect not, but referre men ore
To Tyburne by whose Art they may define
What life of man is worth, in valewing thine.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

THough dumbe, deafe, dead, I crie, I heare, I kill,
Thus growne a Politician gainst my will

F. M.

An *Elegie* on the late *Lord William Haward* Barron of Effingham dead *the tenth of December.* 1615.

I Did not know thee Lord, nor do I striue
To winne acceſſe, or grace, with Lords aliue:
The dead I ſerue, from whence nor faction can
Moue me, nor fauour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends mee, nor bribe ſent
From whom no Pēnance warns, nor portion ſpent,
To theſe I dedicate as much of me
As I can ſpare from mine owne husbandrie
And till Ghoſtes walke, as they were wont to do
I trade for ſome, and doe theſe errants too.
But firſt I doe enquire, and am aſſur'd
What Trials in their Iournies they indur'd,
What Certainties of Honor and of worth,
Their moſt vncertaine Life-times haue brought
And who ſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore (forth
He is my Patron, died he rich, or poore
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his peace
When Flatterie and Enuie both doe ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions: Reaſon or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie vpon a word,
A Badge, a Title, or aboue all chance
Seem'd he as Antient as his Cogniſance.

What

What did he? acts of mercie; and refraine
Oppreſſion, in himſelfe, and in his Traine.
Was his eſſentiall Table, full as free
As Boaſts and Inuitations vſe to be?
Where if his Ruſſet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine.
Did he thinke periurie as lou'd a Sinne
Himſelfe foreſworne, as if his ſlaue had been?
Did he ſeeke Regular pleaſures, was he knowne
Iuſt Husband to one Wife, and ſhe his owne?
Did he giue freely without pauſe, or doubt
And read petitions, ere they were worne out?
Or ſhould his well deſeruing *Clyent* aske,
Would he beſtow a Tilting, or a Maske
To keepe need vertuous. And that done not feare
What Lady dam'd him for his abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall,
Wore he the ruine of no Hoſpitall.
And where he did his rich apparell don,
Put he no Widdow nor an Orphan on.
Did he loue ſimply vertue for the thing,
The King for no reſpect but for the King.
But aboue all did his Religion waite
Vpon Gods Throne, or on the chaire of ſtate.
He that is guilty of no *Quere* heere,
Out-laſts his Epitaph, out liues his Heyre.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
Who but this negatiue goodneſſe euer had?

Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the birth,
Hee's rather in the wombe, then on the earth.
And t'were a Crime in ſuch a publique fate
For one to liue well, and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry when a name
Comes to vpbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modeſt in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art;
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to die
Ere cuſtome had prepard thy calumny.
Eight daies haue paſt ſince thou haſt paid thy debt
To ſinne, and not a libell ſtirring yet
Courtiers that ſcoffe by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And haue no vſe of Slander, or of wit:
But (which is monſtrous) though againſt the tyde,
The Water-men haue neither rayld nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no diſtinction knowne,
For in thy praiſe the good and bad are one.
It ſeemes we all are couetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchaſe of good-name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are carefull to increaſe
Our little by the holding of ſome leaſe (crew
From thee our Land-lord, and for that th'whole
Speake now like Tenants readie to renew.
It were too ſad to tell thy pedigree,
Death hath diſordered all miſplacing thee,
Whilſt now thy Herrald in his line of heyres
Blots out thy name, and fills the ſpace with teares.

And thus hath conquering Death or Nature rather
Made thee prepoſtrous ancient to thy Father
Who grieues th'art ſo, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearſe. He therfore that would write
And blaze thee throughly may at once ſay all
Here lies the Anchor of our Admirall.
Let others write for glory or reward
Truth is well paid when ſhe is ſung and heard.

An

An Elegie on the Death of the LADY RVTLAND.

I May forget to eat, to drinke, to sleepe
Remembring thee, but when I doe, to weepe
In well weigh'd lines, that men shall at thy hearse
Enuy the sorrow which brought forth my verse.
May my dull vnderstanding haue the might
Only to know her last was yesternight?
Rutland the faire is dead, or if to heare
The name of *Sydney* will more force a teare,
Tis she that is so dead; and yet there be
Some more aliue professe not Poetrie:
The Statesmen and the Lawyers of our time
Haue businesse still, yet do it not in rime:
Can she be dead, and can there be of those
That are so dull to say their prayers in prose?
It is three daies since she did feele Deaths hand
And yet this Ile not cald the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At such a needfull time as this growne cold?
They all say they would faine, but yet they plead
They cannot write because their Muse is dead.
Heare me then speake which will take no excuse,
Sorrow can make a verse without a Muse.

Why

Why didſt thou dieſo ſoone ? O pardon me
I know it was the longeſt life to thee.
That ere with modeſtie was cald a ſpan
Since the Almightie left to ſtriue with man ;
Mankind is ſent to ſorrow ; and thou haſt
More of the buſines which thou cam'ſt for paſt,
Then all thoſe aged Women which yet quicke
Haue quite outliu'd their owne Arithmeticke.
As ſoone as thou couldſt apprehend a griefe
There were enough to meet thee, and the chiefe
Bleſſing of women : mariage was to thee
Nought but a ſacrament of Miſerie :
For whom thou hadſt, if we may truſt to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name.
A name which who (that were againe to do't)
Would change without a thouſand ioyes to boot
In all things elſe, thou rather leadſt a life
Like a betrothed Virgin then a Wife.
But yet I would haue cald thy Fortune kinde
If it had only tride thy ſetled minde,
With preſent croſſes ; Not the loathed thought
Of worſe to come, or paſt, then might haue wrought
Thy beſt remembrance to haue caſt an eye
Backe with delight vpon thine infancie :
But thou hadſt ere thou knewſt the vſe of teares
Sorrow laid vp againſt thou comſt to yeares,
Ere thou wert able, who thou wert to tell
By a ſad warre thy noble Father fell.

In a dull clime which did not vnderſtand
What t'was to venture him to ſaue a Land;
He left two children who, for vertue, wit,
Beauty, were lou'd of all; Thee, and his wit;
Two was two few, yet death hath from vs tooke
Thee a more faultleſſe iſſue, then his booke,
Which now the only liuing thing we haue
From him, wee'le ſee, ſhall neuer finde a graue
As thou haſt done: alas would it might be,
That bookes their Sexes had as well as we,
That we might ſee this married to the worth
And many Poems like it ſelfe bring forth:
But this vaine wiſh Diuinitie controules,
For neither to the Angels, nor to ſoules,
Nor any thing he meant ſhould euer liue
Did the wiſe God of Nature ſexes giue;
Then with this euerlaſting worke alone
We muſt content our ſelues ſince ſhe is gone;
Gone like the day thou dyed'ſt vpon, and we
May call that backe againe as ſoone as thee.
Who ſhould haue lookt to this, where were you all
That doe your ſelues the helps of Nature call
Phyſitions? I acknowledge you were there
To tell ſuch words as none in health would heare
So dyde ſhe: Curſt be he who ſhall defend
Your Art of haſtning Nature to an end.
In this you ſhew'd that Phiſicke can but be
At beſt, an Art, to cure your pouertie;

You're many of you Impostors, and do giue
To sicke men potions that your selues may liue.
For that hath surfeited and cannot eate
Must haue a medcine to procure you meate,
And that's the deepest ground of all your skill
Vnlesse it be some knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madnesse make my verses flow
Crosse to my vnderstanding. For I know
You can do wonders; eu'ry day I meete
The looser sort of people in the streete
From desperate diseases freed, and why
Restore you them and suffer her to die?
Why should the State allow you Colledges
Pensions for Lectures and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting bloud
Can only cure the bad, and not the good?
Which only they can doe, and I will show,
The hidden reason why you did not know
The way to cure her. You beleeu'd her bloud
Ran in such courses as you vnderstood
By Lectures; you beleeu'd her arteries
Grew as they do in your Anatomies.
Forgetting, that the State allowes you none
But only Whores and Theeues to practise on.
And euery passage about them I'me sure
You vnderstood, and only them can cure,
Which is the cause that both ——
Are noted for enioying so long liues.

But

But noble bloud treades in too ſtrange a path
For your ill-got Experience; and hath
An other way of cure. If you had ſeene
Penelope diſſected, or the Queene
Of *Sheba*, then you might haue found a way
To haue preſeru'd her from that fatall day.
As tis. You haue but made her ſooner bleſt
By ſending her to heauen, where let her reſt.
I will not hurt the peace which ſhe ſhould haue
By longer looking in her quiet graue.

FINIS.

THE METHOD.

FIrſt *of Mariage, and the effect thereof,* Children. *Then of his contrary,* Luſt; *then for his choice, Firſt, his opinion negatiuely, what ſhould not be: The Firſt cauſe in it, that is, neither* Beautie, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmatiue, what ſhould be, of which kind there are foure:* Goodneſſe, Knowledge, Diſcretion, *and as a ſecond thing* Beautie. *The firſt only is abſolutely good: the other being built vpon the firſt doe likewiſe become ſo. Then the application of that woman by loue to himſelfe, which makes her a Wife. And laſtly, the only condition of a Wife,* Fimeſſe.

A WIFE.

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Womankinde,
And doth in little euen as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we finde,
Of either, More, is but the ſame againe:
God fram'd Her ſo, that to her *Husband*, She,
As *Eue*, ſhould all the *World of Women* be.

So

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neither* power he gaue
Vse of themselues, but by *exchange* to make:
Whence in their Face, the *Faire* no pleasure haue,
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.
Our Lips in their owne Kisse no pleasure finde:
Toward their proper Face, our Eies are blinde.

So God in *Eue* did *perfit* Man, *begun*;
Till then, in vaine much of himselfe he had:
In *Adam* God created onely *one*,
Eue, and the *world to come*, in *Eue* he made.
Weare *two halfes*: whiles each frō other straies,
Both barren are; *Ioyn'd*, *both* their *like* can raise.

At first, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combin'de,
Man a *Shee-Man* did in his bodie breed;
Adam was *Enes*, *Eue* Mother of Mankinde,
Eue from *Liue-flesh*, Man did from *Dust* proceed.
One, thus made *two*, *Mariage* doth re-vnite,
And maks them both but one *Hermaphrodite*.

Man

A WIFE.

Man did but the *well being* of his life
From *Woman* take; her *Being* she from *Man*;
And therefore *Eue* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began:
Mariage their obiect is; their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Men*.

Marriage; to all whose ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being *parted* so,
Wherein the very *aR* is Chastitie,
Whereby *two Soules* into *one Body* go.
Which make *two one*, while here they liuing be
And after death in their *posteritie*.

God to *each Man a priuate Woman* gaue,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort like himselfe* might haue,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *vse*, part of their end
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

A WIFE.

We fill but *part of Time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *freſh ſupply* haue lent,
Children are Bodies ſole *Eternitie*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *Mans* inſtrument.
Now all *Mans Art* but only dead things makes
But herein *Man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Luſt*; I know tis infinite,
It ſtill *begins*, and addes not more to more.
The *guilt* is euerlaſting, the *delight*,
This inſtant doth not feele, of *that* before.
The *taſt* of it is only in the *Senſe*,
The *operation* in the *Conſcience*.

Woman is not *Luſts bounds*, but *Woman-kinde*;
One is *Loues number*: who from that doth fall,
Hath loſt his hold, and no *new reſt* ſhall finde;
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all;
A *Wife* is that *enough*, *Luſt* cannot finde;
For *Luſt* is ſtill with *want*, or *too much*, *pinde*.

Bate

A WIFE.

Bate *luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is eu'n with his,
For, *Not to luſt*, and to *Enioy*, is one:
And more or leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is;
I ſtill haue *one*, Luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the Woman often changed be,
Yet Hee's the ſame without varietie.

Marriage our *luſt* (as 'twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choyce of *Her*, it much doth lie,
To mend my ſelfe in my poſterity.

O rather let me *Loue*, then *be in loue*;
So let me chuſe, as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approue*,
Beaſts likeneſſe lies in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *minde*:
Our *Soules no Sexes* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *Men*.

But Phiſicke for our *luſt* their *Bodies* be,
But matter fit to ſhew our *Loue* vpon;
But onely *Shells* for our *poſteritie*,
Their ſoules were giu'n leſt men ſhould be alone:
For, but the *Soules Interpreters, words be*,
Without which, *Bodies* are no Company.

That *goodly frame* we ſee of fleſh and blood,
Their *faſhion* is, not *weight*; it is I ſay
But their *Lay-part*; but well digeſted food;
Tis but twixt *Duſt, and Duſt, lifes middle way*:
The woorth of it is nothing that is *ſeen*,
But only that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my Wife,
Is but skin-deepe, but to *two ſenſes* knowne;
Short euen of Pictures, ſhorter liu'd then Life,
And yet the *loue* ſuruiues, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination*, is too high,
For *Bodies*, when they meete, to ſatisfie,

All

All Shapes, all Colours are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foule or faire:*
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*,
And thoſe, but the firſt weeke; by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which diffred at *firſt view*;
Nor can that difference *abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'de by vs, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enioying we*
Make *ours become*; ſo our *deſire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth, leſſe then *Beauty*, ſhall my *Reaſon* blinde,
Her *Birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *actiue Gentrie* finde,
Vertue, then *paſſiue* from her Anceſtry;
Rather in *her actiue* one vertue ſee,
Then all the reſt dead in her *Pedigree*.

In the Degrees, high rather be ſhe plac't,
Of *Nature*, then of *Art*, and *Policie*:
Gentry is but a *relique* of Time-paſt,
And *Loue* doth onely but the *preſent* ſee; (*ſame*
Things were firſt made, then *words*: ſhe were the
With, or *without*, *that title*, or that name

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I ſhun it, nor my aime it make;
Byrth, *Beauty*, *Wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All theſe I would for *good additions* take,
Not for *Good Parts*; thoſe *two* are ill combin'd,
Who, any *third* thing frō *themſelues*, hath ioyn'd.

Rather then theſe, the obiect of my *Loue*,
Let it be *Good*; when theſe with vertue go,
They (in themſelues *indifferent*,) vertues proue,
For *Good* (like fire) turnes all things to be ſo.
Gods Image, in Her *Soule*, ô let me place
My *Loue* vpon; not *Adams* in Her *Face*.

Good,

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *mindes beauty* keepes the *other* ſweete:
That's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glaſſe, nor painting can it counterfet,
Nor doth it raiſe deſires, which euer tend
At once, to their perfection, and their end.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderſtood,
So *God* ſhe cannot loue, but alſo *mee*,
The law requires our *words* and *deedes* be good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth ſanctifie:
And ſhe is *more* a *Maide* that *rauiſht* is,
Then She which only doth but *wiſh amiſſe*.

Luſt only by *Religion* is withſtood;
Luſts obiect is aliue, his ſtrength within;
Moralitie reſiſts but in *cold blood*;
Reſpect of *Credit* feareth *ſhame*, not *ſinne*.
But no place *darke enough* for ſuch offence
She finds, that's *watcht* by her owne *conſcience*.

Then may I *truſt her Body* with her *minde*,
And, thereupon ſecure, neede neuer know
The pangs of *Iealouſie*: and *Loue* doth finde
More paine to *doubt* her falſe, then *know* her ſo:
For *Patience* is, of euills that are knowne,
The certaine Remedie; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* ſtirr'd, twill neuer die,
Nor wil the grief more milde by cuſtome proue;
Nor yet *Amendment* can it ſatisfie,
The *Anguiſh* more or leſſe, is *as our Loue*:
This miſery doth *Iealouſie* enſue,
That we may proue her *falſe*, but cannot *True*.

Suſpicion may the will of *Luſt* reſtraine,
But *Good* preuents from hauing ſuch a *will*,
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaſt and more* containe,
For *Chaſt* is but an *Abſtinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good*, the *leaſt*.

To

A WIFE.

To barre the meanes is *Care*, not *Iealousie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
When they *occasion* of *vnlawfull* be:
Lust ere it hurts, is best descride a farre:
Lust is a sinne *of two*; he that is sure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* secure.

Giue me next *Good*, an *vnderstanding Wife*,
By Nature *wise*, not *Learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on Her side, will all my life
More scope of conuersation impart,
Besides, Her inborne vertue fortifie, (why.
They are most firmely good, that best know

A *passiue vnderstanding* to conceiue,
And *Iudgement* to discerne, I wish to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue;
Learning, and *pregnant wit* in Woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, maketh fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballast*, but more *saile*.

Domesticke

Domeſticke Charge doth beſt that *Sexe* befit,
Contiguous buſineſſe; ſo to fixe the Minde,
That *Leaſure* ſpace for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leaſure* t'is, corrupteth *Woman-kinde*,
Elſe, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heau'n a ſhorter cut then wee.

Bookes are a part of Mans prerogatiue,
In formall Inke they *Thoughts*, and *Voices* hold,
That we to them our ſolitude may giue,
And make *Time-preſent* trauell that of *old*.
Our Life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward doe extend.

As *good*, and *knowing*, let her be *Diſcreet*,
That, to the others *weight*, doth *Faſhion* bring;
Diſcretion doth conſider what is *Fit*,
Goodneſſe but what is *lawfull*; but the *Thing*,
Not *Circumſtances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In Men, but *curious folly without it*.

To

A WIFE.

To keepe their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Diſcretion askes; their *Credit* is by farre
More *fraile* then *They*; on likely-hoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſproou'd, *Luſt's ſlanders* are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chaſtity* alone,
Muſt keepe their *Name* chaſte from *ſuſpition*.

Womens *Behauiour* is a ſurer barre
Then is their *No*: *That* fairely doth *denie*
Without *denying*; *thereby* kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is ſhee,
Which hath *without conſent* bin only tride;
He comes too *neere*, that comes *to be denide*.

Now ſince a *Woman* we to *Marry* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone;
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*;
Beauty is *Health*, and *Beauty*, both in one;
Be ſhee ſo faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
So faire, as Shee moſt Women elſe containe,

So

So Faire at leaſt let me imagine Her;
That thought to *me* is *Truth*: *opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eyes ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne*.
And as my *Fancy Her* conceiues to be,
Euen ſuch my Senſes both, do *Feele* and *See*.

The *Face* we may the ſeat of *Beauty* call,
In it the relliſh of the reſt doth lie,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face*, the *Life* mooues in the *Eye*;
No things elſe, being *two*, ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies,
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule*, which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmonie*,
Of euery part, vnited in the *Eye*.

Loue

A WIFE.

Loue is a kinde of *Superſtition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it ſelf hath fram'd;
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the *obiect* is inflam'd;
Beauty is Loues *obiect*; *Woman* Luſt's; to gaine
Loue, Loue Deſires; *Luſt* onely to *obtaine*.

No circumſtance doth *Beautie* beautifie,
Like gracefull *faſhion*, natiue *Comelineſſe*.
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot it beget, but may encreaſe;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made,
Something ſhe left for *Motion* to adde.

Bnt let that *Faſhion* more to *Modeſty*
Tend, then *Aſſurance*; *Modeſty* doth ſet
The face in her iuſt place, from *Paſſions* free,
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies Beautie* mor;
But *Modeſty*, no vertue can we ſee;
That, is the Faces onely *Chaſtitie*.

Where

Where *goodneſſe* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands:
Whence tis, that *women*, though they weaker be,
And their deſires more ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *Chaſtity* of *men* doth often lie:
Luſt would more common be then any one,
Could it, as other ſinnes, be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts* a *Perfect woman* make,
Adde *Loue to me*, they make a *Perfect Wife*,
Without her *Loue*, Her *Beauty* ſhould I take,
As that of *Pictures*; dead; *That* giues it life:
Till then, Her *Beauty* like the Sun doth ſhine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, onely *mine*.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſſion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which ſecond Loues are built vpon)
Will make *me* (if not *Her*) her *Loue* reſpect,
No Man, but fauours his owne worths effect.

As

As *Good*, and *wiſe*; ſo be ſhe *Fit* for mee,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will*, the ſame,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted-ſelfe*, and ſhee
As Mee, ſo what I loue, to Loue muſt frame.
For when by Marriage, both in one concurre,
Woman conuerts to Man, not Man to her.

FINIS.

The Authors Epitaph.

written by himſelfe.

THe Span of my daies meaſur'd, heere I reſt,
That is, my body; but my ſoule, his gueſt,
Is hence aſcended, whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely loue can clime;
Where being now enlightned, She doth know
The Truth of all, men argue off below:
Onely this duſt doth heere in Pawne remaine,
That, when the world diſſolues, ſhe come again.

Characters,

OR

Wittie descriptions of the properties of sundry Persons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. Shee lacks of him nothing but heat. Thence is her sweetnes of disposition, which meets his stoutnes more pleasingly; so wooll meets yron easiet then yron, and turnes resi-

fting into embracing. Her greateſt learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sexe*, or on men, without caſting the difference. *Diſhoneſtie* neuer comes neerer than her eares, and then wonder ſtops it out, and ſaues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat *youth*, telling his *luſtfull* tales, and puts backe the *Seruingmans*, putting forward, with a frowne: yet her kindnes is free enough to be ſeene; for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occaſion. Shee hath ſo much knowledge as to loue it, and if ſhe haue it not at home, ſhee will fetch it, for this ſometimes in a pleaſant diſcontent ſhe dares chide her *Sexe*, though ſhee vſe it neuer the worſe. Shee is much within, and frames outwarde things to her minde, not her minde to them. She weares good clothes, but neuer better; for ſhe findes no degree beyond *Decencie*. Shee hath a content of

her

her owne, and so seekes not an husband, but findes him. She is indeed most, but not much of description for shee is direct and one, and hath not the variety of ill. Now shee is giuen fresh and aliue to a husband, and shee doth nothing more then loue him, for she takes him to that purpose. So his good becomes the businesse of her actions, and shee doth her selfe kindnesse vpon him. After his, her chiefest vertue is a good husband. For *Shee* is *Hee*.

A very Woman.

A *Verie Woman*, is a dow-bakt man, or a *Shee* ment well towards-man, but fell two bowes short, *strength* and *vnderstanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modestie*, that keeps a man from climing ouer into her faults. Shee simpers as if shee had no teeth, but lips, and shee diuides her eyes, and keeps halfe for

her ſelfe, and giues the other to her neat *Youth*. Being ſet downe ſhee caſts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, & is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirſt, and it is a part of their myſterie not to profeſſe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in priuate and ſtretcheth her vpon meat. Shee is *Marriageable* and *Fourteene* at once; and after ſhee doth not liue but tarrie. Shee reads ouer her face euery morning, and ſomtimes blots out pale. and writes red. She thinks ſhe is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and ſhe loues her glaſſe, and the knight of the Sunne for lying. Shee is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes and deuices, like the ſigne of a Tauerne, to draw *Strangers*. If ſhee ſhew more ſhee preuents deſire, and by too free giuing, leaues no *Gift*. Shee may eſcape from the Seruing-man, but not from the Chamber-maide. Shee commits with her eares for certaine: after that ſhee

may

may goe for a Maide, but ſhe hath been lien with in her vnderſtanding. Her *Philoſophie*, is a ſeeming neglect of thoſe, that be too good for her. Shee's a yonger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is ſtill too big for it; yet her *Vantiie* ſeldom matcheth hir, with one of her owne degree. for then ſhe will beget another creature a begger: and commonly, if ſhee marrie better, ſhee marries worſe. Shee gets much by the ſimplicitie of her Sutor, and for a ieſt, laughes at him without one. Thus ſhe dreſſes a Husband for her ſelfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the land adioyning, yee may ſee it, in a Seruingmans freſh *Naperie*, and his Leg ſteps into an vnknowne ſtocking. I need not ſpeake of his *Garters*, the taſſell ſhewes it ſelfe. If ſhe loue, ſhe loues not the Man, but the beaſt of him. Shee is *Salomons* cruel creature, and a mans walking-conſumption: euery caudle ſhee giues him, is a purge. Her chiefe commenda-

tion is, ſhee brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightneſſe gets her to ſwimme at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *caruing*; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpoſe ſhee quencheth her thirſt. She trauels to and among, and ſo becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the follie in the Countrie, comes in cleane Linnen to viſite her: ſhe breaks to them her griefe in Suger cakes, and receiues from their mouthes in exchange, many ſtories that conclude to no purpoſe. Her eldeſt Sonne is like her howſoeuer, & that diſpraiſeth him beſt: her vtmoſt drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly ſhee obtaines at the yeares of diſcretion. She takes a iourney ſometimes to her Neeces houſe, but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Deuotion* is good clothes, they carrie her to Church, expreſſe their ſtuffe and faſhion,

and

and are silent; if she be more deuout, she lifts vp a certaine number of eyes, in stead of prayers, and takes the Sermon, and measures out a nap by it, iust as long. She sends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where she neuer ouertakes it, or driues it before her againe. Her most necessary instruments are a *waiting Gentlewoman*, and a *Chamber-maide*; she weares her Gentlewoman still, but most often leaues the other in her Chamber-window. She hath a little *Kennel* in her lap, and shee smells the sweeter for it. The vtmost reach of her *Prouidence*, is the fatnesse of a Capon, and her greatest enuie, is the next Gentlewomans better Gowne. Her most commendable skill, is to make her Husbands fustian beare her Veluet. This she doth many times ouer, and then is deliuered to olde Age, and a Chaire, where euery body leaues her.

A Dissembler.

IS an essence needing a double definition, for hee is not that hee appeares. Vnto the eye he is pleasing, vnto the eare not harsh, but vnto the vnderstanding intricate, and full of windings: he is the *prima materia*, & his intents giue him forme: he dieth his meanes and his meaning into two colours, he baites craft with humilitie, and his countenance is the picture of the present disposition. He winnes not by batterie, but vndermining, and his racke is smoothing. Hee allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his obseruation. He knowes passion onely by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memorie, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occasion: the Inquisitor must looke through his iudgement, for to the eye only he is not visible.

A Courtier

A Courtier,

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to most men the finest: all things else are defined by the vnderstanding, but this by the sences; but his surest marke is, that hee is to be found onely about Princes. Hee smells; and putteth away much of his iudgement about the scituation of his clothes. He knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sunne*, and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clocke. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronuntiation than his words. *Occasion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receipt of making loue. Hee followes nothing but inconstancie, admires nothing but beautie, honours nothing but fortune. Loues nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is Newes, and his censure like a shot depends vpon the charging

ging. He is not, if he be out of Court, but fish-like breathes destruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but hee moues by the vpper *Spheres*, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you finde him not heere, you shall in *Paules*, with a picke-tooth in his Hat, a cape cloke, and a long stocking.

A Golden Asse.

IS a young thing, whose Father went to the Diuell; he is followed like a salt bitch, and lymb'd by him that gets vp first; his disposition is cut, and knaues rent him like Tenter-hookes: hee is as blinde as his mother, and swallowes flatterers for friends. He is high in his owne imagination; but that imagination as a stone, that is raised by violence, descends naturally: when he goes, hee lookes who lookes: if hee finds not good store of vailers,

vailers, hee comes home ſtiffe and ſeer, vntill hee bee new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Whereſoeuer he eates he hath an officer, to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his owne is exceeding ſenſible, becauſe it is ſenſuall; but he cannot exchange a peece of reaſon, though he can a peece of gold. Hee is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beauty, and more then his beautie, they are his diſcretion, his countenance, his All. Hee is now at an end, for hee hath had the Wolfe of vaine-glory, which hee fed, vntill himſelfe became the food.

A Flatterer.

Is the ſhadow of a Foole. Hee is good wood-man, for hee ſingleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is euer of the colour of his patient; and for his ſake hee will halt or weare a wry necke. Hee diſpraiſeth nothing but pouerty, and

and ſmall drinke, and praiſeth his grace of making water. Hee ſelleth himſelfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent, how to winne his praiſes by reciting the others gifts: hee is ready for all imployments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomacke go together. Hee will play any vpon his countenance, and where he cannot be admitted for a counſeller, he will ſerue as a foole. Hee frequents the court of wards and ordinaries, and fits theſe gueſts of *Togæ virilis*, with wiues or whoores. He entreth young men into acquaintance and debt books. In a word, he is the impreſſion of the laſt terme, and will be ſo, vntill the comming of a new terme or termer.

An ignorant Glorie hunter.

IS an *inſectum animal*; for he is the maggot of opinion, his behauiour is another thing from himſelf, & is glewed, & but

but set on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their owne words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of those things, where ignorance is the lesser shame. He gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. He confesseth vices that he is guiltlesse of, if they be in fashion; and dares not salute a man in old cloths, or out of fashion. There is not a publicke assembly without him, and he will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any shew he will be one, though he be but a whifler, or a torch bearer; and beares downe strangers with the story of his act ons. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all customes, with entitling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers and strange Nations. He dares speake more then he vnderstands, and aduentures his words without the reliefe of any seconds. Hee relates battels and skirmishes, as from an eye witnesse, when his eies thereinshly beguiled a bal-

lad

lad of them. In a word, to make sure of admiration, hee will not let himselfe vndrest and himselfe, but hopes, fame and opinion will bee the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timist.

Is a noune adiective of the present tense.

He hath no more of a conscience then Estate, and his religion is not his but the Princes. Hee reuerenceth a Courtiers Seruants seruant. Is first his owne Slaue, and then whosoeuer looketh big; when hee giues he curseth, and when hee sells he worshipps. Hee reades the statutes in his chamber, and weares the Bible in the streetes: hee neuer praiseth any but before themselues or friends: and mislikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-yeares gifts are ready at *Alhallowtide*, and the sute he meant to mediate before them. He pleaseth the children of great

great men, and promiseth to adopt them; and his curtesie extends it selfe euen to the stable. Hee straines to talke wisely, and his modesty would serue a Bride. Hee is grauitie from the head to the foote; but not from the head to the heart: you may finde what place he affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may bee, and as passionately courts it; if at any time his hopes are effected, he swelleth with them; and they burst out too good for the vessell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and studies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amarist.

IS a certaine blasted or planet-stroken, and is the Dog that leades blinde *Cupid*; when hee is at the best, his fashion exceedes the worth of his weight. He is neuer without verses, and muske confects; and sighs to the hazard of his but-

tons

tons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the liuery of his Mistris complexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. Hee fights with passion, and looseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreames, thence his paleneſſe. His armes are careleſly vſed, as if their beſt vſe were nothing but embracements. He is vntrust, vnbuttoned, and vngartered, not out of careleſneſſe, but care; his farthest end being but going to bed. Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatneſſe, but it goeth not alone; for then he makes ſome other qualitie moralize his affection, and his trimneſſe is the grace of that grace. Hir fauour lifts him vp, as the Sun moiſture; when ſhe diſfauours, vnable to hold that happineſſe, it falls downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and hee expreſſeth much of himſelfe vpon ſome inſtrument. He anſweres not, or not to the purpoſe; and no maruell, for he is not at home. He ſcotcheth time with dancing with his Miſtris, taking vp of her gloue, and wearing her feather;

he

hee is confinde to her colour, and dares not passe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pide-coat of red and white; shortly, he is translated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glasse of lust, and himselfe the traitour to his own discretion.

An Affectate Traueller.

IS a speaking fashion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, and hath seene more then he hath perceiued. His attire speakes *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* etyes, *Behold me*. Hee censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speaks his owne language with shame and lisping: he will choake rather then confesse *Beere* good drinke: and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauiour. He chuseth rather to be counted a *Spie*, then not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputati-

on by naming great men familiarly. He chuseth rather to tell lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men singly: his discourse sounds big, but meanes nothing: & his boy is bound to admire him howsoeuer. He comes still from great Personages, but goes with meane. He takes occasion to shew Iewels giuen him in regarde of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martines*: and not long after hauing with a *Mountbanks* method, pronounced them woorth thousandes, enpawneth them for a few shillings. Vpon festiuall dayes he goes to Court, and salutes without saluting: at night in an ordinary he canvasseth the businesse in hand, and seemes as conuersant with all intents and plots, as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, first to tell them the ends of all matters of consequence, and then to borrow money of them; hee offereth courtesies, to shew them, rather then himselfe humble. Hee disdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. Hee imputeth

puteth his wants and pouertie to the ignorance of the time, not his own vnworthineſſe: and concludes his diſcourſe with halfe a period or a word, and leaues the reſt to imagination. In a word, his religion is faſhion, and both bodie and ſoule are gouerned by fame, hee loues moſt voices aboue truth.

A Wiſe man.

IS the trueth of the true definition of man, that is, a reaſonable creature. His diſpoſition alters, he alters not. Hee hides himſelfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them. He lookes according to nature, ſo goes his behauiour. His minde enioyes a continuall ſmoothneſſe: ſo commeth it, that his conſideration is alwayes at home. He endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of

their actions; by this meanes his peace cõmeth not from fortune, but himselfe. He is cunning in men, not to surprize but keepe his owne, and beats off their ill affected humours, no otherwise then if they were flies. Hee chuseth not friends by the subsidy-booke, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. Hee maintaines the strength of his body, not by delicacies, but temperance; and his minde by giuing it preheminence ouer his bodie. Hee vnderstands things not by their forme, but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to prouoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualties, for Fortune hath nothing to do with the minde, except those drowned in the body: but he hath diuided his soule, from the case of his soule, whose weakenesse hee assists no otherwise then commiseratiuely, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will bee thus: and liues subiect neither to Time nor his frailties; the seruant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble

A Noble Spirit.

HAth ſurueyed and fortified his diſpoſition, and conuerts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his reaſon, there is marriage; the iſſue are his actions. Hee circuits his intents, and ſeeth the end before he ſhoot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vſe: occaſion incites him, none enticeth him; and he mooues by affection, not for affection; he loues glory, ſcornes ſhame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideration. Hee cals not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath trauelled ouer them; and his eye mounted vpon his vnderſtanding, ſeeth them as things vnderneath. Hee couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body. but teacheth it, ſinee it is not able to defend its owne

imbecility, to ſhew or ſuffer. Hee licenceth not his weakeneſſe, to weare Fate, but knowing reaſon to bee no idle gift of Nature, hee is the Steeres-man of his owne deſtiny. Truth is his Goddeſſe, and he takes paines to get her, not to look like her. He knowes the condition of the world, that he muſt act one thing like another, and then another. To theſe hee carries his deſires, & not his deſires him; and ſtickes not faſt by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courſes, of all intents, of all things, to haue but one center or period, without all diſtraction, he haſteth thither and ends there, as his true and naturall element. Hee doth not contemne Fortune, but not confeſſe her. Hee is no Gameſter of the world (which only complaine and praiſe her) but being onely ſenſible of the honeſty of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement or ſcum. Vnto the ſociety of men he is a *Sunne*, whoſe cleereneſſe directs their ſteps in a regular motion: when hee

is

is more particular, he is the wise mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vitious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feeles age more by the strength of his soule, then the weakneſſe of his body: thus feeles he no paine, but esteemes all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters and helpe him out of prison.

An Olde Man.

IS a thing that hath bene a man in his dayes. Olde men are to bee knowne blinde-folded: for their talke is as terrible as their resemblance. They praise their owne times as vehemently, as if they would sell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and faceing youth; they admire their olde customes, euen to the eateing of red herring, and going wetshod. They call the thumbe vnder the girdle, Grauity; and becauſe they can

hardly ſmell at all, their Poſies are vnder their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a cough; and it is venerable, they ſay, to ſpend time in wiping their driueled beards. Their diſcourſe is vnanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacy: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truths and lies paſſe with an equall affirmation, for their memories ſeuerall is wonne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſeruants their duties with as much ſcorne and tyranny, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuie is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their cloths, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them. and therefore Cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therfore their ſtaues are carued and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their grauity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Their hats are bruſhed to draw mens eyes off from

their

their faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a ſmell to defend, or a dog to excuſe.

A Countrey Gentleman.

IS a thing, out of whoſe corruption the generation of a Iuſtice of peace is produced. Hee ſpeakes ſtatutes and huſbandry well enough, to make his neighbours thinke him a wiſe man; hee is well skilled in *Arithmeticke* or rates: and hath eloquence inough to ſaue his two pence. His conuerſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equals full of doubt. His trauell is ſeldome farther then the next market Towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of Corne: when he trauelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Couſins houſe of his to ſaue charges; and rewards the Seruants by taking them by the hand when hee departs.

parts. Nothing vnder a *Sub-pena* can draw him to *London*: and when hee is there, he ſtickes faſt vpon euery obiect, caſts his eyes away vpon gazing, and becomes the prey of euery Cut-purſe. When he comes home, thoſe wonders ſerue him for his Holy-day talke. If hee goe to Court, it is in yellow ſtockings? and if it be in Winter in a ſlight tafetie cloake, and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that wooes the vſher for his comming into the preſence, where hee becomes troubleſome with the ill managing of his Rapier and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion and the hangers of another? by this time he hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a Leg both together, and the names of Lords and Counſellours? hee hath thus much toward entertainment and courteſie, but of the laſt he makes more vſe? for by the report all of my *Lord*, hee coniures his poore countrey-men. But this is not his elemẽt, he muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that endes his flight in a dunghill.

A Fine

A Fine Gentleman.

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whose barke is more worth then his body. Hee hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it. He alloweth of no iudge, but the eye; painting, boulstring, and bombasting are his *Oratours*: by these also hee prooues his industry: for hee hath purchased legs, haire, beautie, and straightnesse, more then nature left him. He vnlockes maiden-heads with his language, and speakes *Euphues*, not so gracefully as heartily. His discourse makes not his behauiour, but hee buies it at Court, as Countrey men their cloathes in Birchin-lane. Hee is somewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines he expresseth comically: and no thing grieues him so much, as the want of a Poet to make an issue in his loue; yet he sighs sweetly, and speakes lamentably:

tably : for his breath is perfumed, and his words are winde. Hee is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas ; for the Boares head and Reueller come together; his hopes are laden in his quality: and leſt Fidlers ſhould take him vnprouided, hee weares pumps in his pocket : and leſt hee ſhould take Fidlers vnprouided, he whiſtles his owne Galliard. He is a Calender of ten yeares, and marriage ruſts him. Afterwards he mainetaines himſelfe an implement of houſhold by caruing and vſhering. For all this, he is iudiciall onely in Taylours and Barbers, but his opinion is euer ready, and euer idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers ſhop is the witneſſe of his valour, where lyes wounded, dead, rent, and out of faſhion, many a ſpruce Sute, ouerthrowen by his fantaſtickneſſe.

An Elder

An Elder Brother.

IS a creature borne to the beſt aduantage of things without him, that hath the ſtart at the beginning, but loyters it away before the ending. Hee lookes like his Land, as heauily, and durtily, as ſtubbornely. He dares doe any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his Fathers life and minority. The firſt thing hee makes known is his eſtate; and the Loadſtone that drawes him is the vpper end of the Table. He wooeth by a particular, and his ſtrongeſt argument is the ioynture. His obſeruation is all about the faſhion, and hee commends Partlets for a rare deuiſe. He ſpeakes no language, but ſmels of dogs or hawkes; and his ambition flies Iuſtice-height. Hee loues to bee commended, and hee will goe into the Kitchin, but heele haue it. He loues glory, but is ſo lazie, as hee is content with flattery. Hee ſpeakes moſt of the precedency

dency of age, and proteſts fortune the greateſt vertue. He ſummoneth the olde ſeruants, & tels what ſtrange acts he will doe when he raignes. He verely beleeues houſe-keepers the beſt common wealths men; and therefore ſtudies baking, brewing, greaſing, and ſuch as the limmes of goodneſſe. He iudgeth it no ſmall ſigne of wiſdome to talke much; his tongue therefore goes continually his errand, but neuer ſpeeds. If his vnderſtanding were not honeſter then his will, no man ſhould keepe good conceit by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to ſell all he can to opinion. His pedigree and his fathers ſealering, are the ſtilts of his crazed diſpoſition. He had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, then not to be the beſt man. His inſinuation is the inuiting of men to his houſe; and he thinks it a great modeſtie to comprehend his cheere vnder a peece of Mutton and a Rabet; if he by this time be not knowen, he will goe home againe: for he can no more abide to haue himſelf concealed, then his land,

yet

yet he is as you see good for nothing: except to make a stallion to maintaine the race.

A Braggadochio Welchman.

IS the Oyster, that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the minde in *Potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldnesse. His clothes are in fashion before his body: and he accounts boldnesse the chiefest vertue. aboue all men he loues an Herrald, and speakes pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well descended, that call him not Couzen; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The first note of his familiaritie is the confession of his valour; and so hee preuents quarrels. He voutcheth Welch, a pure and vnconquered language, and courts Ladies with the story of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious

in

in his owne conceit, and vpon S. *Dauie*
day without comparison.

A Pedant.

HE treads in a rule, and one hand
scannes verses, and the other holds
his Scepter. He dares not thinke a
thought that the nominatiue case go-
uernes not the Verbe; and he neuer had
meaning in his life, for he trauelled onely
for words. His ambition is *Criticisme*, and
his example *Tully*. Hee vallues phrases
and elects them by the sound, and the
eight parts of speech are his Seruants. To
be briefe, he is a *Heteroclite*, for he wants
the plurall number, hauing onely the sin-
gle quality of words.

A Scr

A Seruing-man.

IS a creature, which though hee be not drunke, yet is not his owne man. He sels without asking who ownes him, by the superscription of his Liuery. His life is, for ease and leisure, much about *Gentleman-like*. His wealth enough to suffice Nature, and sufficient to make him happy, if he were sure of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing; hee values himselfe higher or lower, as his Master is. He hates or loues the Men, as his Master doth the Master. Hee is commonly proud of his Masters horses, or his Christmas; he sleeps when he is sleepy, is of his religion, only the clock of his stomack is set to go an hour after his. He seldome breakes his owne clothes. He neuer drinkes but double, for hee must bee pledg'd; nor commonly without som short sentence nothing to the purpose: and seldome abstaines till

hee come to a thirſt. His diſcretion is to be carefull for his maſters credite, & his ſufficiency to marſhall diſhes at a Table, and to carue well. His neatneſſe conſiſts much in his haire & outward linnen. His courting language, viſible bawdy ieſts; and againſt his matter faile, he is alway ready furniſhed with a ſong. His inheritance is the Chamber-mayd, but often purchaſeth his Maſters daughter, by reaſon of opportunity, or for want of a better: he alwaies cuckolds himſelfe, and neuer marries but his owne widdow. His Maſter being appeaſed, he becomes a Retainer, and entailes himſelfe and his poſterity vpon his heire-males for euer.

An Hoſt

IS the kernell of a Signe: or the Signe is the ſhell, & *mine Hoſt* is the Snaile.

He

He consists of double beere & fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. Hee entertaines humbly, and giues his Guests power, as well of himselfe as house. He answers all mens expectations to his power, saue in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatnesse, to lay all mislikes vpon his seruants. His wife is the *Cummin seede* of his Doue-house; and to bee a good Guest, is a warrant for her libertie. He traffiques for Guests by mens freinds, friends-friend, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for he neither eates, drinkes, or thinkes, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Ostler

IS *a thing that scrubbeth vnreasonably his horse, reasonably himselfe.* He consists of Trauellers, though he bee none

himselfe. His highest ambition is to be *Host*, and the inuention of his signe is his greatest wit: for the expressing wherof he sends away the Painters for want of vnderstanding. Hee hath certaine charmes for a horse mouth, that he should not eat his hay: and behind your backe, hee will cozen your horse to his face. His curry-combe is one of his best parts, for hee expresseth much by the gingling: and his mane-combe is a spinners card turn'd out of seruice. He puffes and blowes ouer your horse, to the hazzard of a double lugge: and leaues much of the dressing to the prouerb of *Muli mutuo scabient*, One horse rubs another. Hee comes to him that cals lowdest, not first; hee takes a broken head patiently, but the knaue hee feeles not. His vtmost honesty is good fellowship, and he speakes Northerne, what countrey man soeuer. He hath a pension of Ale from the next *Smith* & *Sadler* for intelligence. He loues to see you ride, & holds your stirrop in expectation.

A *good*

A good Wife

IS a mans best moueable, a scien incorporate with the stocke, bringing sweet fruite; one that to her husband is more then a friend, lesse then trouble: an equall with him in the yoake. Calamities and troubles shee shares alike, nothing pleaseth her that doth not him. Shee is relatiue in all; and hee without her, but halfe himselfe. She is his absent hands, eies, eares, & mouth: his present and absent All. She frames her nature vnto his howsoeuer: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sunne* more willingly. Stubborneneſſe and obstinacy, are hearbes that grow not in her garden. She leaues tatling, to the gossips of the town, and is more seen then heard: Her houshold is her charge, her care to that, makes her seldome *non residents*. Her pride is but to be clenly, and her thrift not to be prodigal. By her dis-

cretion shee hath children, not wantons; a Husband without her, is a misery in mans apparell: none but shee hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staffe and a chaire. To conclude, shee is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy man

IS a straier from the droue? one that nature made sociable, because shee made him man, and a crazed disposition hath altered. Impleasing to all, and all to him; stragling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's his pleasure. His imagination is neuer idle, it keepes his minde in a continuall motion, as the poise the clocke: hee windes vp his thoughts often, and as often vnwindes them; *Penelopes* webbe thriues faster. Hee'e seldome bee found without the shade of some

some groue, in whose bottome a riuer dwells. He carries a cloud in his face, neuer faire weather: his outside is framed to his inside, in that hee keepes a *Decorum*, both vnseemly. Speake to him; he heares with his eyes, eares follow his mind, and that's not at leasure. Hee thinkes businesse, but neuer does any: he is al contemplation, no action. Hee hewes and fashions his thoughts, as if he meant them to some purpose, but they proue vnprofitable, as a piece of wrought timber to no vse. His Spirits and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humor blacke and cold: varietie of foolish appatitions people his head, they suffer him not to breath, according to the necessities of nature; which makes him sup vp a draught of as much aire at once, as would serue at thrice. Hee denies nature her due in sleepe, and ouer-paies her with watchfulnesse: nothing pleaseth him long, but that which pleaseth his owne fantasies:

they are the consuming euills, and euill consumptions, that consume him aliue. Lastly, he is a man onely in shew, but comes short of the better part; a whole reasonable soule, which is mans chiefe preheminence, and sole marke from creatures sensible.

A Sailor

IS a pitcht peece of reason calkt and tackled, and onely studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his owne Prouision, for he lines euer pickled. A fore-winde is the substance of his Creed; and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is euer climing: out of which as naturally hee feares; for he is euer flying: time and he are euery where, euer contending who shall arriue first: he is well winded, for he tires the day, and out-runnes darknesse. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the best part mewed; and if he

he liue till three coates, is a Maſter. He ſees Gods wonders in the deep: but ſo as rather they appeare his play-fellowes, then ſtirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can conuert him, and then but his vpper deck neither; for his hold neither feares nor hopes. his ſleeps are but repreeuals of his dangers; and when he awakes, tis but next ſtage to dying. His wiſdome is the coldeſt part about him, for it euer points to the North: and it lies loweſt, which makes his valour euery tide ore-flow it. In a ſtorme tis diſputable, whether the noiſe bee more his, or the Elements, and which will firſt leaue ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip he may bee ſaued beſt; wherether his faith be ſtarre-boord faith, or lar-boord: or the helme at that time not all his hope of heauen: his keel is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it be ſplit hee neuer repent, then no farther then the land allowes him, and his language is a new confuſion: and all his thoughts new

nations

nations: his bodie and his ſhip are both one burthen, nor is it known who ſtowes moſt wine, or rowles moſt, only the ſhip is guided, he has no ſterne: a barnacle and hee are bred together both of one nature, and tis fear'd one reaſon: vpon any but a woodden horſe hee cannot ride, and if the winde blow againſt him he dare not: he ſwarues vp to his ſeat as to a ſayle-yarde, and cannot ſit vnleſſe he beare a flag ſtaffe: if euer he be broken to the ſaddle, tis but a voyage ſtill, for he miſtakes the bridle for a bowlin, and is euer turning his horſe taile: he can pray, but tis by rote, not faith, and when he would hee dares not, for his brackiſh beleefe hath made that *ominous*. A rocke or a quick-ſand plucke him before hee be ripe, elſe hee is gathered to his friends at Wapping.

A *Soul-*

A Souldier.

IS the husband-man of valour, his ſword is his plough, which honor & *aqua-vita*, two fiery mettald iades, are euer drawing. A younger brother beſt becomes Armes; an elder, the thankes for them; euery heat makes him a harueſt: and diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: he is actiuely his Princes, but paſſiuely his angers ſeruant. Hee is often a deſirer of learning, which once arriued at, proues his ſtrongeſt armor: hee is a louer at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him ſeeme a handſome foe, lightly he couets not, leſſe is below him: he neuer truely wants, but in much haning, for then his eaſe and letchery afflict him: the word *Peace*, though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God he beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold ranke in the ſame file

with

with him, and hold him to a man: his honour else, and the desire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater then the sonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cause is (doubtful) and that the best deuotion keeps best quarter: he seldom sees gray haires, some none at all, for where the sword failes, there the flesh giues fire: in charity, he goes beyond the Clergy, for hee loues his greatest enemy best, much drinking. He seemes a full Student, for he is a great desirer of controuersies, hee argues sharply, and carries his conclusion in his scabbard; in the first refining of mankind this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His allay (for else you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heauy and weary marches, lodgings as full of neede as cold diseases. No time to argue, but to execute. Line him with these, and linke him to his squadrons, and he appeares a most rich chaine for Princes.

A *Taylor*

A Taylor

IS a creature made vp of ſhreds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when he was rough caſt. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to ſerue God, but to couer ſinne. Other mens pride is his beſt Patron, and their negligence, a maine paſſage tohis profit. Hee is a thing of more then ordinarie iudgement: For by vertue of that, hee buieth land, buildeth houſes and raiſeth the lowe ſet roofe of his croſſe legged Fortune. His actions are ſtrong incounters, and for their notoriouſneſſe alwaies vpon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to reſiſt them. A tenne groates fee ſetteth them on foote, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spaniſh Pike, to the hazard of many poore Egyptian vermins; and

in

in shew of his valour, scorneth a greater Gantlet, then will couer the toppe of his middle-finger. Of all weapons he most affecteth the long Bill, & this he will manage to the great preiudice of a Customers estate. His spirit notwithstanding is not so much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, he neither bites nor barkes, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed snow: *Prometheus* was a sleepe while it was making. He differeth altogether from God; for with him the best peeces are stil marked out for Damnation, and without hope of recouery shall be cast downe into hell. Hee is partly an Alchimist; for hee extracteth his owne apparell out of other mens clothes; and when occasion serueth, making a brokers shop his Alembike, can turne your silkes into gold, and hauing furnished his necessities, after a moneth or two if he be vrg'd vnto it, reduce them againe to their proper

substance

substance. Hee is in part likewise an Arithmetician, cunning enough in Multiplication and addition, but can not abide substraction: *Summa totalis*, is the language of his *Canaan*; *& vsq; ad vltimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charitie. For any skill in *Geometrie*, I dare not commend him; For he could neuer yet finde out the dimensions of his owne conscience: Notwithstanding he hath many bottoms, it seemeth this is alwaies bottomlesse. He is double yarded, and yet his female complaineth of want of measure. And so, with a *Libera nos à malo*; I leaue you, promising to amend whatsoeuer is amisse, at his next setting

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A Puritane

IS a diseas'd peece of *Apocripha*: bind him to the Bible, and hee corrupts the whole text: Ignorance, & fat feed, are

are his Founders; his Nurſes, Railing Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blaſt of winde; For betweene two religions, as betweene two doores, he is euer whiſtling. Truly whoſe childe he is, is yet vnknown. For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus farre his pedegree is found, Bragger and he flouriſht about a time firſt; his fierie zeale keepes him continuall coſtiue, which withers him into his owne tranſlation, and till hee eate a Schooleman, he is hidebound; hee euer prayes againſt *Non Reſidents*, but is himſelfe the greateſt diſcontinuer, for hee neuer keepes neere his text: any thing that the Law allowes, but Marriage, and March-beere, hee murmures at; what it diſallowes and holds dangerous, makes him a diſcipline. Where the gate ſtands open, he is euer ſeeking a ſtile: and where his Learning ought to climbe, he creepes through; giue him aduice, you runne into *Traditions*, and vrge a modeſt

courſe

courſe, he cries out *Councels*. His greateſt care is to contemne obedience, his laſt care to ſerue God, handſomely and cleanly; He is now become ſo croſſe a kinde of teaching, that ſhould the Church enioine cleane ſhirts, he were lowſie: more ſenſe then ſingle prayers is not his; nor more in thoſe, then ſtill the ſame petitions: from which hee either feares a learned faith, or doubts God vnderſtands not at firſt hearing. Shew him a Ring, he runs backe like a Beare; and hates ſquare dealing as allied to caps, a paire of Organs blow him out o'th Pariſh, and are the onely gliſter-pipes to coole him. Where the meate is beſt, there he confutes moſt, for his arguing is but the efficacy of his eating: good bits hee holds breedes good poſitions, and the Pope he beſt concludes againſt, in Plum-broth. He is often drunke, but not as we are, temporally, nor can his ſleepe then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very Soule reele, and that

ſmall Beere that ſhould allay him (ſilence) keeps him more ſurfeited, and makes his heate breake out in priuate houſes: women and Lawyers are his beſt Diſciples, the one next fruit, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintain forbidden titles, both which he ſowes amongſt them. Honeſt hee dare not be, for that loues order: yet if he can be brought to Ceremonie, & made but maſter of it, he is conuerted.

A Whoore

IS a hie way to the Diuell, hee that lookes vpon her with deſire, begins his voiage: he that ſtaies to talke with her, mends his pace, and who enioyes her is at his iourneys end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleaſure, daſht ouer with a little decking to hold colour: taſt her ſhe's dead, and fals vpon the pallate; the ſins of other women ſhew

in

in Landscip, far off and full of shadow, hers in Statue, neere hand, and bigger in the life: she prickes betimes, for her stocke is a white thorne, which cut and grafted on, she growes a Medler: Her trade is opposite to any other, for shee sets vp without credit, and too much custome breakes her; The mony that she gets is like a traitors, giuen only to corrupt her, and what she gets, serues but to pay diseases. She is euer moo'rd in sinne, and euer mending, and after thirty, she is the Chirurgions creature, shame and Repentance are two strangers to her, and only in an hospitall acquainted: she liues a Reprobate, like *Caine*, still branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flies the face of Iustice like a Fellon. The first yeare of her trade shee is an Eyesse, scratches and cries to draw on more affection: the second Soare: the third a Ramage whoore: the fourth and fifth, she's an intermewer, preies for her selfe, and tuffles all she reaches; from thence to

tenne ſhee beares the name of white Whoore, for then her bloud forſakes her with ſalt Rheumes, and now ſhee has mewd three coates; Now ſhee growes weary and diſeas'd together, fauours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, & ſcoures to keepe her coole, yet ſtill ſhe takes in ſtones, ſhe fires her ſelfe elſe: the next remoue is Haggard, ſtil more cunning, and if my art deceiue mee not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled now vpon her, and line her perch, or now ſhe mews her pounces, at all theſe yeares ſhee flyes at fooles and kils too: the next is Buſſard Bawde, and there I leaue her.

A very whore

IS a woman. She enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. She kiſſeth open

pen mouth'd, and ſpits in the palmes of her hands to make them moyſt. Her eyes are like free-booters liuing vpon the ſpoyle of ſtragglers; and ſhe baites her deſires with a million of proſtitute countenances, and entiſements; in the light ſhe liſtneth to parlies: but in the darke ſhe vnderſtands ſignes beſt. She will ſell her ſmocke for Cuffes, and ſo her ſhooes be fine, ſhe cares not thogh her ſtockings want feet. Her modeſty is curioſitie, and her ſmell is one of her beſt ornaments. She paſſeth not a ſpan breadth. And to haue done, ſhe is the Cook and the meate, dreſſing her ſelfe all day, to bee taſted with the better appetite at night.

A meere Common Lawyer

IS the beſt ſhadow to make a diſcreet one ſhew the fairer. He is a *Materia prima* informed by reports,

actuated by ſtatutes, and hath his Mo-
tion by the fauourable Intelligence o
the Court. His law is alwaies furniſh
with a Commiſſion to arraigne his
Conſcience: but vpon iudgement gi-
uen, he vſually ſets it at large. He think
no language worth knowing but his
Barragouin. Onely for that point hee
hath been a long time at warres with
Priſcian for a Northerne Prouince. He
imagines that by ſuperexcellencie his
profeſſion only is learning, and that it's
a prophanation of the temple to his
Themis dedicated, if any of the liberall
Arts be there admitted to offer ſtrange
incenſe to Her. For indeed hee is al for
money. Seuen or eight yeares ſquires
him out, ſome of his Nation leſſe ſtan-
ding: and euer ſince the Night of his
Call, he forgot much what he was at
dinner. The next morning his man
(in *Actu* or *potentia*) enioyes his picka-
dels. His Landreſſe is then ſhrewdly
troubled in fitting him a Ruffe; His
perpetuall badge. His loue-letters of

the

the laſt yeare of his Gentlemanſhip are ſtuft with *Diſcontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Vncore priſts*: but now being enabled to ſpeake in proper perſon, hee talkes of a French hood, in ſtead of a Iointure, wages his law, and ioines iſſue. Then he begins to ſticke his letters in his ground Chamber window; that ſo the ſuperſcription may make his Squire-ſhip tranſparent. His Heraldry giues him place before the Miniſter, becauſe the Law was before the Goſpell. Next Terme hee walkes his hoopſleeue gowne to the Hall; there it proclaimes him. He feeds fat in the Reading, and till it chances to his turn, diſlikes no houſe order ſo much, as that the month is ſo contracted to a fortnight. Mongſt his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honor for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had been of his owne houſe. For they, poore ſoules, take Law and Conſcience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learnd to frame his Caſes

from putting Riddles and imitating *Merlins* Propheſies, and ſo ſet all the Croſſe-row together by the eares. Yet his whole Lawe is not able to decide *Lucians* one olde controuerſie twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. He accounts no man of his Cap and coate idle, but who trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no life or quality for it ſelfe, but for gaine; and that at leaſt, to the ſtating him in a Iuſtice of peaceſhip, which is the firſt quickning ſoule ſuperadded to the elementary and inanimate forme of his new Title. His Termes are his wiues vacations. Yet ſhee then may vſurpe diuers Court-daies, and hath her *Returnes in Menſem*, for writs of entry; often ſhorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in Aſſiſe time (the circuit being long) he may haue a tryall at home againſt him by *Niſi Prius*. No way to heauen, be thinkes, ſo wiſe, as through *weſt-minſter Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it viſit both heauen and hell. Yet then he oft

forgets

forgets his iourneis end, although hee looke on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is hee wholly destitute of the Arts. *Grammer* he hath, enough to make terminations of those words which his authoritie hath endenizon'd. *Rhetorike* some; but so little, that its thought a concealement. *Logike* enough to wrangle. *Arithmetike* enough for the Ordinals of his yeere-bookes, and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute against it. So much *Geometrie*, that he can aduice in a *Perambulatione facienda*; or a *Rationalibus diuisis*. In *Astronomy* and *Astrologie* he is so far seene, that by the *Dominicall* letter, he knowes the Holy-dayes, and finds by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will be long and dirty. Marry, he knowes so much in *Musique*, that he affects onely the most and cunningest *Discords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, especially song, except *in fine*. His skill in *Perspectiue* endeauours much to deceiue the eye of the Lawe, and giues

many

many falſe colours. He is ſpecially practiſed in *Necromancy*, (ſuch a kinde as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by raiſing many *dead Queſtions*. What ſufficiency he hath in *Criticiſme*, the fowle Copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the ſame coat, which are much to be honoured, partake of diuers of his indifferent qualities, but ſo, that *Diſcretion*, *vertue*, and ſometimes other *good learning*, concurring and diſtinguiſhing Ornaments to them, make them as a foyle, to ſet their worth on.

A Meere Scholler.

A *Meere Scholler is an intelligible Aſſe*: Or a ſilly fellow in blacke, that ſpeakes Sentences more familiarly then Senſe. The Antiquity of his Vniuerſity is his Creed, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at Foot-ball) an Article of his faith:

faith: he ſpeakes Latine better then his Mother-tongue; and is a ſtranger in no part of the world, but his own Countrey: he do's vſually tell great ſtories of himſelf to ſmal purpoſe, for they are cõmonly ridiculous, be they true or falſe: his Ambition is, that hee either is, or ſhall be a graduate: but if euer he get a Fellowſhip, hee ha's then no fellow. In ſpight of al *Logick* he dare ſweare & maintaine it, that a Cuckold and a Townſ-man are *Termini conuertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband bee an *Alderman*: he was neu beregotten (as it ſeemes) without much wrangling; for his whole life is ſpent in *Pro* & *Contra*: his tongue goes alwaies before his wit, like a Gentleman-vſher, but ſomewhat faſter. That he is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap a pea*; witneſſe his horſemanſhip, and the wearing of his weapons: he is commonly long-winded, able to ſpeak more with eaſe, then any man can endure to heare with patience. Vniuerſity ieſts are his vniuerſall

diſcourſe,

discourse, and his newes the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phrase, the apparel of his minde, is made of diuers shreds like a cushion, and when it goes playnest, 't hath a rash outside, and Fustian linings. The currant of his speech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what euer be the question, the trueth is on his side. Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet he knows not that hee knowes nothing: hee giues directions for Husbandrie from *Virgils Georgicks*; for Cattell from his *Bucolicks*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Aeneides*, or *Cæsars Commentaries*: hee orders all things by the Booke, is skilful in all trades, and thriues in none: he is led more by his eares then his vnderstanding, taking the sound of words for their true sense: and do's therefore confidently beleeue, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of hereticks, *Rodolphus Agricola*, a substantiall Farmer; and will not sticke to auerre, that *Systema's Logicke* doth excell *Keckermans*: his ill

luck

luck is not so much in being a foole, as in being put to such pains to expresse it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much adoe) is artificiall: his powerty is his happinesse, for it makes some men beleeue, that hee is none of fortunes fauorites. That learning which hee hath, was in Non-age put in backeward like a glister, and 'tis now like Ware mislayd in a Pedlers packe; a ha's it, but knowes not where it is. In a word, hee is the Index of a man, and the Title-page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in morality, much in profession, nothing in practise.

A Tinker

IS a mooueable: for he hath no abiding place; by his motiō he gathers heat, thence his chollericke nature. Hee seemes to be very deuout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and some-

sometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making necessity a vertue. His house is as ancient as *Tubal Caines*, and so is a rumnagate by antiquity: yet hee proooues himselfe a Gallant, for he carries all his wealth vpon his backe; or a Philosopher, for hee beares all his substance about him. From his Art was Musicke first inuented, and therefore is hee alwayes furnisht with a song: to which his hammer keeping tune, prooues that he was the first founder of the Kettle-drumme. Note that where the best Ale is, there stands his musick most vpon crotchets. The companion of his trauels is some foule sunne-burnt Queane, that since the terrible Statute recanted Gypsisme, and is turned Pedlerese. So marches he al ouer England with his bag and baggage. His conuersation is vnreproueable; for he is euer mending. He obserues truely the Statutes, and therefore he had rather steale then begge, in which he is vnremoueably constant in spight of whips or imprison-

priſonment : and ſo a ſtrong enemy to idleneſſe, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three then want work; and when hee hath done, he throwes the Wallet of his faults behinde him. Hee embraceth naturally ancient cuſtomes, conuerſing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If he viſit Citties or Townes, tis but to deale vpon the imperfections of our weaker veſſels. His tongue is very voluble, which with Canting prooues him a *Linguiſt*. He is entertain'd in euery place, but enters no further then the doore, to auoid ſuſpicion. Some would take him to be a Coward; but beleeue it, hee is a Lad of mettle, his valor is commonly three or foure yards long, faſtned to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very prouident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then alſo he had rather ſubmit then be counted obſtinate. To conclude, if he ſcape Tiburne and Banbury, he dies a begger.

An

An Apparatour

IS a Chick of the egge Abuſe, hatcht by the warmth of authority: he is a bird of rapine, and begins to prey, and feather together. He croakes like a Rauen againſt the death of rich men, and ſo gets a Legacy vnbequeath'd: his happineſſe is in the multitude of children, for their increaſe is his wealth; and to that end, hee himſelfe yeerely adds one. He is a cunning hunter, vncouping his intelligencing hounds, vnder hedges, in thickets, and corn-fields, who follow the chaſe to City-Suburbs, where often his game is at couert: his quiuer hangs by his ſide, ſtuft with ſiluer arrowes, which he ſhootes againſt Church-gates, and priuate mens dores, to the hazard of their purſes & credit. There went but a paire of ſheeres betweene him and the Purſiuant of hell, for they both delight in ſinne, growe richer

richer by it, and are by iuſtice appoin-
ted to puniſh it: onely the Diuell is
more cunning, for he pickes a liuing
out of others gaines. His liuing lieth in
his eyes, which (like ſpirits) he ſends
through chinkes, and key-holes, to
ſuruey the places of darkeneſſe; for
which purpoſe he ſtudyeth the opticks,
but can diſcouer no colour but blacke,
for the pure white of chaſtity dazleth
his eyes. He is a Catholicke, for he is
euery where; and with a Politicke, for
he transforms himſelfe into all ſhapes.
He trauels on foot to auoid idleneſſe,
and loues the Church entirely, becauſe
it is the place of his edification. He ac-
counts not all ſinnes mortall: for forni-
cation with him is a veniall ſinne, and
to take bribes a matter of charity: hee
is collector for burnings, and loſſes at
Sea, and in caſting account, can readi-
ly ſubtract the leſſer from the greater
ſumme. Thus liues he in a golden age,
till death by a proceſſe, ſummons him
to appeare.

An Almanacke-maker

IS the worſt part of an Aſtronomer a creature compact of figures, characters, and cyphers: out of which he ſcores the fortune of a yeere, not ſo profitably, as doubtfully. He is tenant by cuſtome to the Planets, of whom he holds the 12. Houſes by leaſe parol: to them he payes yearely rent, his ſtudy, and time; yet lets them out again (with all his heart) for 40. s. *per annum*. His life is meerely contemplatiue: for his practiſe, tis woorth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit; & (if by chance) he purchaſe any, he loſeth it againe at the yeeres end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Tycho-Barche* are his Patrõs, whoſe volumes he vnderſtands not, but admires; and the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to be credited, then controul'd. His life is vpright, for he is alwaies looking

vpward;

vpward; yet dares beleeue nothing a-boue *Primum mobile*, for tis out of the reach of his *Iacobs ſtaffe*. His charity extends no further then to mountebanks and Sow-gelders, to whom hee bequeathes the ſeaſons of the yeere, to kill or torture by. The verſes in his Booke haue a worſe pace then euer had *Rocheſter* Hackney: for his Proſe, 'tis dappled with Inke-horne tearmes, and may ſerue for an Almanacke: but for his iudging at the vncertainty of weather, any olde Shepheard ſhall make a Dunce of him. He would be thought the diuels Intelligẽcer for ſtoln goods: if euer he ſteale out of that quality, as a flie turnes to a Maggot, ſo the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empiricke: his workes flye foorth in ſmall volumes, yet not all, for many ride poſt to Chaundlers and Tobacco ſhops in Folio. To be briefe, he fals 3. degrees ſhort of his promiſes; yet is hee the Key to vnlocke Termes, and Law-dayes, a dumbe *Mercury* to

point out high-waies, and a bayliffe of all Marts and Faires in England. The reſt of him you ſhall know next yeere; for what hee will be then, hee himſelfe knowes not.

An Hypocrite

IS a gilded *Pill*, compoſ'd of two vertuous ingredients, *Naturall diſhoneſty* and *Artificiall diſſimulation*. *Simple Fruit*, *plant* or *Drug*, he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *Euil Nature* and *falſe Art*, by a monſtrous *generation*; and may well bee put into the reckoning of thoſe creatures that God neuer made. In *Church* or *Common-welth*, (for in both theſe this *Mongrell-weed* will ſhoote) it is hard to ſay whether he be *Phyſicke* or a *Diſeaſe*: for hee is both, in diuers reſpects.

As he is gilt with an out-ſide of *Seeming purity*, or as he offreth himſelfe to you

you to be taken downe in a cup or taſte of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicity*, you may call him *phyſicke*. Nay, and neuer let *potion* giue *Patient* good ſtoole, if being truly taſted and relliſht, hee be not as loathſome to the ſtomake of any honeſt man.

He is alſo *Phyſicke*, in being as commodious for vſe, as he is odious in taſt, if the *Body* of the *company* into which he is taken, can make true vſe of him. For the malice of his nature makes him ſo *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking aduantage, of any thing done or ſayd: yea, euen to the ruine of his makers, if he may haue Benefit; that ſuch a creature in a ſociety makes men as carefull of their ſpeeches and actions, as the ſight of a known Cut-purſe in a throng makes them watchfull ouer their purſes and pockets: he is alſo in this reſpect profitable Phyſicke, that his conuerſation being once truely taſted and diſcouered, the hatefull foulneſſe of it wil make thoſe that are not fully like him,

to purge all such Diseases as are ranke in him, out of their owne liues; as the sight of some Citizens on horse-back, makes a iudicious man amend his own faults in horsemanship. If none of these vses can bee made of him, let him not long offend the stomake of your company; your best way is to spue him out. That he is a Disease in the body where he liueth, were as strange a thing to doubt, as whether there be knauery in Horse-coursers. For, if amongst Sheep, the rot; amongst Dogs, the mange; amongst Horses, the glaunders; amõgst Men & Women the Northerne itch, and the French Ache be diseases; an Hypocrite cannot but be the like in all States and Societies that breede him. If he be a Cleargy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the most part so proper to him, as he will grudge any man the practise of it but himselfe; like that graue Burgesse, who being desired to lend his cloathes to represent a part in a Comedy, answered: *No, by his leaue,*

leaue, hee would haue no body play the foole in his cloathes but himselfe. Hence are his so austere reprehēsions of drinking healths, lasciuious talke, vsury and vnconscionable dealing; when as himself hating the profane mixture of malt & water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape, when he can get it of anothers cost: But this must not bee done neither, without a preface of seeming lothnesse, turning vp the eyes, mouing the head, laying hand on the brest, and protesting that he would not doe it, but to strengthen his body, being euen cōsumed with dissembled zeale, and tedious and thankelesse babling to God and his Auditors. And for the other vices, do but venture the making your selfe priuate with him, or trusting of him, & if you come off without a sauor of the aire which his soule is infected with, you haue great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you shall commonly see carried vpon the

backe of these two beasts, that liue within him, *Ignorance* and *Imperiousnesse*: and they may well serue to carry other vices, for of themselues they are insupportable. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all science, humane or diuine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy or sincere, but the senseleſſe collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his inflamed spirit, and the endleſſe labors of his eternall tongs; the motions wherof, when matter and words faile, (as they often doe) must be patched vp, to accomplish his foure houres in a day at the least, with long and feruent *hummes*. Any thing else, either for language or matter he cannot abide, but thus censureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beast*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherin the heathen Poets wrot their fictions; *Hebrue*, the speech of the *Iewes*, that crucified Christ: *Controuersies* doe not edifie, *Logicke* and *Philosophy*, are the subtilties of *Sathan*, to deceiue

ceiue the *Simple*. Humane ſtories *profane*, and not ſauouring of the *Spirit*: In a word, all decent and ſenſible forme of Speech & perſwaſion (thogh in his owne tongue) vaine *Oſtentation*. And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance*: ſauing that ſometimes *Idleneſſe* will put in alſo, to beare a part of the baggage.

His other *Beaſt Imperiouſneſſe*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carrieth a burthen, that no cords of *Authoritie*, *Spirituall* nor *Temporall* ſhould binde, if it might haue the full ſwindge: No *Pilate*, no *Prince* ſhould cõmand him: Nay, he will command them, and at his pleaſure cenſure them, if they will not ſuffer their eares to bee fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purſes to be emptied with the inundations of his vnſatiable humour, and their iudgements to bee blinded with the muffler of his *zealous Ignorance*. For this doth he familiarly inſult ouer his *Maintainer* that breedes him,

him, his *Patrone* that feedes him, and in time ouer all them that will ſuffer him to ſet a foote within their doores, or put a finger in their purſes. All this, and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* & *Vniuerſities* are reliques of *Superſtition*, hath leapt from a Shop-boord, or a Cloke-bag, to a Deske, or Pulpit, and that like a Sea-god in a *Pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, couered ouer with the painted cloth of a pure gown, and a night-cap; and with a falſe Trumpet of *Fained zeale*, draweth after him ſome poore *Nimphes* and *Madmen*, that delight more to reſort to darke Caues and ſecret places, then to open and publike aſſemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Diſciple* and *Subiect*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *Subiection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*, that he will do to the hook and crooke of his zeale-blinde Shepheard. No *Ieſuites* demand more blinde and abſolute

lute obedience from their vaſſals; no Magiſtrates of the *Canting* ſociety, more ſlauiſh ſubiection from the members of that trauelling ſtate, then the Clerke *Hypocrites* expect from theſe lay Pupils. Nay, they muſt not only be obeyed, fedde, and defended, but admired too: and that their Lay followers doe as ſincerely, as a ſhirtleſſe fellow with a Cudgell vnder his arme doth a face-wringing *Ballet-ſinger*; a *water-bearer* on the floore of a Playhouſe, a wide-mouth'de *Poet*, that ſpeaks nothing but bladders and bumbaſt. Otherwiſe, for life and profeſſion, nature and Art, inward and outward, they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypſies:* they are all *zeale*, no *knowledge*: all purity, no humanity: all ſimplicity, no honeſty: and if you neuer truſt them, they will neuer deceiue you.

A Maque-

A Maquerela, in plaine Englisſh a Bawd

IS an old *Char-cole*, that hath beene burnt her ſelfe, and therefore is able to kindle a whole greene Coppice. The burden of her ſong is like that of *Frier Bacons* Head; *Time is, Time was, and Time is paſt*: in repeating which, ſhe makes a wicked brazen face, & weepes in the cuppe, to allay the heate of her *Aqua-vitæ*. Her teeth are falne out; mary her noſe, and chin, intend very ſhortly to be friends, and meet about it. Her yeares are ſixty and odde: that ſhe accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawde* is like a Medlar, ſhee's not ripe, till ſhee be rotten. Her enuy is like that of the Diuell, to haue all faire women like her; and becauſe it is impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo young, ſhee hurries them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deere in it are Raſcall:

Raſcall: yet poore Cotagers in the Countrey (that knowe her but by heare-ſay) thinke well of her; for what ſhe incloſes to day, ſhe makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her ſelfe are all remou'd in one ſort, onely ſhee makes bold to take the vpper hand of them, and to be Carted before them; the thought of which, makes her ſhee cannot indure a poſſet, becauſe it puts her in mind of a Baſon. She ſits continually at a rackt Rent; eſpecially, if her *Landlord* beare office in the Pariſh: for her moueables in the houſe; (beſides her quicke cattell) they are not worth an *Inuentory*, onely her beds are moſt commonly in print: ſhee can eaſily turne a ſempſtreſſe, into a waiting gentlewoman, but her Wàrde-robe is moſt infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling-ſickneſſe*: ſhe hath only this one ſhew of *Temprance*, that let a Gentleman ſend for tenne pottles of wine in her houſe, hee ſhall haue but tenne quarts; and if he want it that way, let him

him pay for't, and take it out in ſtewde prunes. The Iuſtices Clark ſtands many times her very good friend: and workes her peace with the Iuſtice of *Quorum*. Nothing ioyes her ſo much, as the comming ouer of *Strangers*, nor daunts her ſo much as the approach of Shroue-tueſday. In fine, not to foule more paper with ſo foule a ſubiect, hee that hath paſt vnder her, hath paſt the *Equinoctiall*; Hee that hath ſcap't her, hath ſcap't worſe then the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-maide.

SHe is her miſtreſſes ſhe Secretary, and keeps the box of her teeth, her haire, & her painting very priuate. Her induſtry is vp-ſtaires, and downe-ſtaires like a Drawer: and by her dry hand you may know ſhe is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhe lye at her Maſters beds feet, ſhe is quit of the *Greeneſickeneſſe* for euer;

uer ; For ſhee hath terrible dreames when ſhe is awake, as if ſhe were troubled with the *night Mare*. She hath a good liking to dwell ith Countrey, but ſhe holds *London* the goodlieſt Forreſt in *England*, to ſhelter a great belly. She reads *Greenes* works ouer and ouer, but is ſo carried away with *the Myrrour of Knighthood*, ſhe is many times reſolu'd to run out of her ſelfe, and become a Lady Errant. If ſhe catch a clap, ſhe diuides it ſo equally betweene the Maſter and the Seruingman, as if ſhe had cut out the getting of it by a Threed: onely the knaue *Sumner* makes her bowle booty, and ouer-reach the Maſter. The pedant of the houſe, though he promiſe her marriage, cannot grow further inward with her, ſhe hath paide for her credulity often, and now grows weary. Shee likes the forme of our marriage very well, in that a woman is not tyed to anſwere to any Articles concerning queſtion of her Virginity: Her minde, her body, and clothes,

are

are parcels loosely tackt together, and for want of good vtterance, she perpetually laughes out her meaning. Her Mistris and shee helpe to make away *Time*, to the idlest purpose that can be, either for loue or money. In briefe, these *Chambermaides* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty, ere one worth any thing.

A Precisian.

TO speake no otherwise of this *varnisht rottennesse* then in truth & verity he is, I must define him to be a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctity, and mentall impietie; a faire obiect to the eye, but starke nought for the vnderstanding: or els a violent thing, much giuen to contradiction. He will be sure to be in opposition with the *Papist*, though it be sometimes accompanied with an absurdity; like

like the Ilanders neere adioining vnto *China*; who salute by putting off their shooes, because the men of *China* do it by their hats. If at any time he fast, it is vpon Sunday, and he is sure to feast vpon Friday. He can better afford you tenne lyes, then one oath, and dare commit any sinne guilded with a pretence of sanctitie. He will not stick to commit fornication or Adulterie, so it be done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can finde in his hart to lye with any whore, saue the whore of *Babylon*. To steale he holds it lawfull, so it be from the wicked and Ægyptians. He had rather see *Antichrist*, then a picture in the Church window: and chuseth sooner to be halfe hanged, then see a legge at the name of *IESVS*, or one stand at the *Creede*. He conceiues his prayer in the kitchin, rather then in the Church, and is of so good discourse, that hee dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *ex tempore*. He thinks euery

Organist is in the state of damnation, and had rather heare one of *Robert Wisdoms Psalmes*, then the best *Hymne* a *Cherubin* can sing. He will not breake winde without an *Apologie*, or asking forgiuenesse, nor kisse a Gentlewoman for feare of lusting after her. He hath nicknamde all the Prophets and Apostles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally hee is so sure of his saluation, that he will not change places in heauen with the *Virgin Mary*, without boote.

An Innes of Court man.

HE is distinguished from a Scholler by a paire of silke stockings, and a Beauer Hat, which makes him contemne a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a Scholemaster. By that he hath heard one mooting, and seen two plaies, he thinkes as basely of the

Vniuersity

Vniuersity, as a young *Sophister* doth of the *Grammer-schoole*. He talkes of the *Vniuersity*, with that state, as if he were her Chauncellour; finds fault with alterations, and the fall of *Discipline*, with an *It was not so when I was a Student*; although that was within this halfe yeare. He will talke ends of *Latine*, though it be false, with as great confidence, as euer *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his best authors for't, be *Tauerns* & *Ordinaries*. He is as farre behinde a *Courtier* in his fashion, as a Scholler is behinde him: and the best grace in his behauiour, is to forget his *acquaintance*.

Hee laughes at euery man whose Band sits not well, or that hath not a faire shoo-ty, and he is ashamed to be seene in any mans company that weares not his clothes well. His very essence he placeth in his out-side, and his chiefest prayer is, that his reuenues may hold out for Taffata cloakes in the Summer, and velvet in the Winter.

For his recreation, hee had rather go to a Citizens Wife, then a Bawdy-house, onely to saue charges: and hee holds Fee-taile to bee absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance hee offers two quarts of wine, for one hee giues. You shall neuer see him melancholie, but when hee wants a new Suite, or feares a Seriant: At which times only, he betakes himselfe to *Ployden*. By that hee hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Licurgus*, and *Iustinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chiefe-iustices*.

A meere Fellow of an House.

HE is one whose Hopes cõmonly exceed his fortunes, & whose mind soares aboue his purse. If he hath read *Tacitus*, *Guicchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, he contemns the *late lord Treasurer*, for all the state-policie hee had;

had; and laughs to thinke what a foole he could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now aliue. Hee neuer weares new cloaths, but against a commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behind the fashion. Hee hath sworne to see *London* once a yeare, though all his businesse be to see a play, walke a turne in *Paules*, and obserue the fashion. He thinkes it a discredit to bee out of debt, which hee neuer likely cleeres, without resignation money. He will not leaue his part he hath in the priuiledge ouer young Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: He prayes as heartily for a sealing, as a *Cormorant* doth for a deare yeare: yet commonly hee spends that reuenue before he receiues it.

At meales, he sits in as great state ouer his *Penny-Commons*, as euer *Vitellius* did at his greatest Banquet: and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If he be a leader of a *Faction*, hee thinkes himselfe greater then euer *Cæsar* was, or the *Turke* at this day is. And he had rather loose an Inheritance then an Office, when hee stands for it.

If hee be to trauell, he is longer furnishing himselfe for a fiue miles iourney, then a ship is rigging for a seuen yeares voyage. Hee is neuer more troubled, then when he is to maintaine talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein hee commits more absurdities, then a clowne in eating of an egge.

Hee thinkes himselfe as fine when he is in a cleane band, and a new paire of shooes, as any Courtier doth, when hee is first in a New-fashion.

Lastly, hee is one that respects no man in the *Vniuersitie*, and is respected by no man out of it.

A worthy Commander in the Warres

IS one that accounts learning the nouriſhment of military vertue, and layes that as his firſt foundation. He neuer bloudies his ſword but in heat of battell; and had rather ſaue one of his owne Souldiers, then kill ten of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vaineglorious, and ſuſpected bounty, to bee full of good words; his rewarding therfore of the deſeruer arriues ſo timely, that his liberality can neuer be ſayd to be gouty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can be an honeſt man, and dare die in't. Hee doth not think his body yeelds a more ſpreading ſhadow after a victory then before; and when he lookes vpon his enemies dead body, tis with a kinde of noble heauineſſe, not inſultation; hee is ſo honourably mercifull to women in

ſurpriſall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes the hazards of battels, not the pompe of Ceremonies, are Souldiers beſt Theaters, & ſtriues to gaine reputation not by the multitude, but by the greatnes of his actions. He is the firſt in giuing the charge, and the laſt in retiring his foot. Equall toile he endures with the Common Souldier, from his example they all take fire, as one Torch lights many. He vnderſtands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the firſt, and leaſt fault being ſufficient to ruine an Army: faults therfore he pardõs none, they that are preſidents of diſorder, or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *Iuſtice*. Beſiege him neuer ſo ſtrictly, ſo long as the ayre is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned aſwel to make vſe of a victory as to get it, and in purſuing his enemy like a whirle-wind carries all afore him; being aſſured, if euer a man will benefit himſelfe vpon his foe, then is the time,

when

when they haue loſt force, wiſedome, courage and reputation. The goodneſſe of his cauſe is the ſpeciall motiue to his valour; neuer is he knowne to ſlight the weakeſt enemy that comes arm'd againſt him in the hand of *Iuſtice*. Haſty and ouermuch heat he accounts the *Step-dame* to all great actions, that wil not ſuffer thē to thriue; if he cannot ouercome his *enemy* by force, he does it by *Time*. If euer he ſhake hands with warre, hee can dye more calmely then moſt Courtiers, for his continuall dangers haue been as it were ſo many meditations of death; hee thinkes not out of his owne calling, when he accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then beſt become him when armed *Cap a pea*. He vtters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horſebacke. Hee caſts a ſmiling cōtempt vpon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *Glaſſe* ſhould encounter *Adamant*. He thinkes warre is neuer to be giuen ore, but on one of theſe three conditions: an aſſured *peace*, abſolute

ſolute *victory*, or an honeſt *death*. Laſtly, when peace folds him vp, his ſiluer head ſhould leane neere the golden Scepter, and die in his *Princes* boſome.

A vaine-glorious Coward in Command.

IS one that hath bought his place, or come to it by ſome Noble-mans letter: hee loues a life dead payes, yet wiſhes they may rather happen in his Company by the ſcuruy, then by a battell. View him at a muſter, and he goes with ſuch noiſe, as if his body were the wheelebarrow that carried his iudgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worſe define betweene *Prude* and noble *Courteſie*: hee that ſalutes him not ſo farre as a Piſtol carries leuel, giues him the *diſguſt* or *affront*, chuſe you whether. He traines by the booke,

book, and reckons so many postures of the Pike and Musket, as if hee were counting at Noddy. When he comes at first upon a Camisado, he lookes like the foure windes in painting, as if hee would blow away the enemy; but at the very first onset suffers feare & trembling to dresse themselues in his face apparantly. He scorns any man should take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, he hath been so humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troopes for him. He is so sure armed for taking hurt, that he seldome does any: and while hee is putting on his Armes, he is thinking what summe hee can make to satisfie his ransome. He wil rail openly against all the great *Commanders* of the aduerse party, yet in his owne conscience allowes them for better men: such is the nature of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities, it makes him thinke better of another man then himselfe. The first part of him that is set a running, is his

Eye-

Eye-sight: when that is once ſtruck with terrour, all the *Coſtiue Phyſicke* in the world cannot ſtay him; if euer he doe any thing beyond his own heart, tis for a *Knighthood*, and he is the firſt kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate

TRuely defined, is a *bold Traitor*, for he fortifies a caſtle againſt the King. Giue him Sea-room in neuer ſo ſmal a veſſel; & like a witch in a ſieue, you would think he were going to make merry with the Diuel. Of all callings his is the moſt deſperate, for he wil not leaue off his theeuing thogh he be in a narrow priſon, and look euery day (by tempeſt or fight) for execution. He is one plague the Diuel hath added, to make the Sea more terrible then a ſtorme; and his heart is ſo hardned in that rugged element, that hee

cannot

cannot repent, though hee view his graue (before him) continually open: he hath so little his own, that the house he sleepes in is stolne; all the necessities of life he filches, but one: he cannot steale a sound sleepe, for his troubled conscience: He is very gentle to those vnder him, yet his rule is the horriblest tyranny in the world: for hee giues licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty in his owne example: what he gets, is small vse to him, onely liues by it, (somwhat the longer) to do a little more seruice to his belly; for hee throwes away his treasure vpon the shore in riot, as if he cast it into the Sea. Hee is a *cruell Hauke* that flies at all but his own kind: and as a *whale* neuer coms a-shore, but when shee is wounded; so hee, very seldome, but for his necessities. He is the *Marchants booke*, that serues onely to reckon vp his losses; *a perpetuall plague* to noble traffique, the *Hurican of the Sea*, & the *Earth-quake of the Exchange*. Yet for all this giue him but his pardon,

and

and forgiue him restitution, hee may liue to knowe the inside of a Church, and die on this-side Wapping.

An ordinarie Fencer.

IS a fellow, that beside shaning of Cudgels, hath a good insight into the world, for he hath long been beaten to it. Flesh and bloud hee is like other men; but surely nature meant him *Stockfish*: his and a Dancing-schoole are inseparable adiuncts; and are bound, though both stinke of sweat most abominably, neither shall complaine of annoiance: three large bauins set vp his Trade, with a bench; which (in the vacation of the afternooue) hee vses for his day-bed; for a firkin to pisse in, hee shall be allowed that, by those make *Allom*: when hee comes on the Stage at his Prize, hee makes a leg seauen seuerall waies, and scrambles

scrambles for money, as if he had been borne at the *Bathe* in *Somersetshire*: at his challenge hee shewes his mettall; for contrarie to all rules of Physicke, he dare bleed, though it be in the dog-daies: hee teaches *Dimellish* play in's Schoole, but when he fights himselfe, he doth it in the feare of a good Christian. He compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when hee hath brought the busines to a good vpshot, he makes the recknoning. His wounds are seldom aboue skind-eep; for an inward bruse, Lamb-stones and sweet-breads are his only *Sperma Ceti*, which he eats at night, next his heart fasting: strange Schoole-masters they are, that euery day set a man as farre backward as he went forward; and throwing him into a strange posture, teach him to thresh *satisfaction* out of *injury*. One signe of a good nature is, that he is still open breasted to his friends, for his foile, and his doublet, weare not aboue two buttons: and resolute he is, for he

so

so much scorns to take blowes, that he never weares *Cuffes*: and he liues better contented with a little, then other men; for if he haue two eyes in's head, he thinks Nature hath ouerdone him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish. Lastly, these Fencers are such things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more letters then only to read their Patent.

A Puny-clarke.

HE is tane from *Grammar-schoole* halfe codled, and can hardly shake off his dreames of breeching in a twelue-moneth. He is a Farmers sonne, and his fathers vtmost ambition is to make him an *Attourney*. He doth itch towards a Poet, and greases his breeches extremely with feeding without a napkin. He studies false dice

to cheat Coſtermongers, and is moſt chargeable to the butler of ſome *Inne of Chancerie*, for piſſing in their greene pots. He eats Ginger-bread at a Play-houſe; and is ſo ſawcie, that he venters fairely for a broken pate at the banqueting houſe, and hath it. He would neuer come to haue any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how hee ſhall ſhift another day. He prayes hotly againſt faſting; and ſo he may ſup wel on friday nights, he cares not though his maſter be a Puritan. He practiſes to make the words in his *Declaration* ſpread, as a Sewer doth the diſhes at a Niggards Table; a Clark of a ſwooping *Daſh*, is as commendable as a Flanders horſ of a large taile. Though you be neuer ſo much delai'd, you muſt not call his Maſter knaue; that makes him goe beyond himſelfe and write a Challenge in Court hand; for it may bee his owne another day. Theſe are ſome certaine of his *liberall faculties*: but in the

Terme time, his *Clog* is a *Buckrom bag*. Laſtly, which is great pitty, hee neuer comes to his full growth, with bearing on his ſhoulder the ſinfull burden of his Maſter at ſeuerall Courts in *Weſtminſter*.

A Foote-man,

LEt him be neuer ſo wel made, yet his Legs are not matches, for he is ſtil ſetting the beſtfoot forward He wil neuer be a ſtaid man, for he has had a running head of his owne, euer ſince his child-hood. His mother (which, out of queſtion, was a light heel'd wench) knew it, yer let him run his race, thinking age would reclaime him from his wilde courſes. He is very long winded; and, without doubt, but that he hates naturally to ſerue on horſbacke, hee had proued an excellent trumpet. He has one happineſſe aboue

al the reſt of the Seruingmen, for when he moſt ouer-reaches his Maſter, hee's beſt thought of. He liues more by his own heat then the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greateſt fancy to him when hee is in his cloſe trouſes. Gardes he weares none; which makes him liue more vpright then any groſſe-gartered Gentleman-vſher. Tis impoſſible to drawe his picture to the life, cauſe a man muſt take it as he's running; only this, Horſes are vſually let bloud on S. *Steuens* day: on S. *Patricks* he takes reſt, and is drencht for all the yeere after.

A Noble and retired Houſe-keeper,

IS one whoſe bounty is limited by *reaſon*, not *oſtentation*: and to make it laſt, he deales it diſcreetly, as wee ſowe the *furrow*, not by the ſacke, but

by the handfull. His word and his meaning neuer ſhake hands and part, but alway goe together. Hee can ſuruay good, and loue it, and loues to doe it himſelfe, for it owne ſake, not for thankes. Hee knowes there is no ſuch miſerie as to out-liue good name; nor no ſuch follie as to put it in practiſe. His minde is ſo ſecure, that *thunder* rockes him a ſleepe, which breaks other mens ſlumbers. *Nobilitie* lightens in his eies; and in his face and geſture is painted, *The god of Hoſpitalitie*. His great houſes beare in their front more durance, then ſtate; vnleſſe this adde the greater ſtate to them, that they promiſe to out-laſt much of our new phantaſticall building. His *heart* neuer growes old, no more then his *memorie*: whether at his booke, or on horſebacke, he paſſeth his time in ſuch noble exerciſe, a man cannot ſay, any time is loſt by him: nor hath he only *yeares*, to approue he hath liued till hee be old, but *vertues*. His thoughts haue a *high aime*, though

their

their dwelling be in the *Vale of an humble heart*; whence, as by an *Engine* (that raiſes water to fall, that it may riſe the higher) he is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* ſerues not for all Seas, but his doth; for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and founded all her *quick-ſands*. He hath this hand ouer *Fortune*, that her iniuries, how violent or ſudden ſoeuer, they do not daunt him; for whether his time call him to liue or dye, he can do both nobly: if to fall, his deſcent is breaſt to breaſt with vertue; and euen then, like the *Sunne* neere his Set, he ſhewes vnto the world his *cleareſt countenance*.

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An Intruder into fauour

IS one that builds his reputation on others infamy : for ſlaunder is moſt commonly his morning prayer. His paſſions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Iniuſtice*. An inflexible anger againſt ſome poore ſutor, he falſly calles a *Couragious conſtancy*, and thinks the beſt parr of grauity to conſiſt in a ruffled forehead. He is the moſt ſlauiſhly ſubmiſſe; though enuious to thoſe are in better place then himſelfe; and knowes the Art of words ſo well, that (for ſhrowding diſhoneſty vnder a faire pretext) he ſeemes to preſerue mud in Chryſtall. Like a man of a kinde nature, he is firſt good to himſelfe; in the next ſi'e, to his French Tailor, that giues him all his perfection: for indeed, like an *Eſtridge*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, his feathers are more worth then his body. If euer hee doe good

good deede (which is very ſeldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, leaſt it ſhould die forgotten. His whole body goes all vpon *ſcrewes*, and his face is the *vice* that moues them. If his *Patron* be giuen to muſicke, hee opens his chops, and *ſings*, or with a wrie necke falles to tuning his inſtrument: if that faile, hee takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. He followes the mans fortune, not the man: ſeeking thereby to increaſe his owne. He pretends he is moſt vndeſeruedly enuied, and cries out, remembring the game, *Cheſſe*, that a Pawne before a King is moſt plaid on. Debts he owes none, but ſhrewd turnes, and thoſe he paies ere he be ſued. He is a flattering *Glaſſe* to conceale age, and wrinkles. He is *Mountains Monky*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, giues you backe his face; but come once to the top, he holdes his noſe vp into the winde, and ſhewes you his tayle: yet all this gay glitter

ſhewes on him, as if the Sunne ſhone in a puddle; for hee is a ſmall wine that will not laſt, and when he is falling, he goes of himſelfe faſter then miſery can driue him.

A faire and happy Milke-mayd,

IS a Countrey Wench, that is ſo far from making her ſelfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face Phyſicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *dumb Orator* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies ſtand in her ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne vpon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel (which is her ſelfe) is far better then outſides *of Tiſſew*: for though ſhe be not arraied in the ſpoile of the *Silke-worme*, ſhee is deckt in *innocence*, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long a bed,

ſpoile

ſpoile both her *complexion* and *Conditions*; nature hath taught her, too *Immoderate ſleepe is ruſt to the Soule*: ſhe riſes therefore with *Chaunticleare*, her Dames Cocke, and at night makes the *Lambe* her *Courſew*. In milking a Cow, and ſtraining the Teates through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweet a Milke-preſſe makes the Milke the whiter, or ſweeter; for neuer came *Almond Glous or Aromatique Oyntment* on her Palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kiſſe her feete when ſhe reapes them, as if they wiſht to be bound and led priſoners by the ſame hand fell'd them. Her breath is her owne, which ſents all the yeare long of *Iune*, like a new made Hay-cocke. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pittie: and when winter euenings fall early (ſitting at her merry wheele) ſhee ſings a defiance to the giddy *wheele of Fortune*. She doth all things with ſo ſweet a grace, it ſeemes *ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill,

being

beeing her minde is to doe well. She beſtowes her yeares wages at next faire; and in chooſing her Garments, counts no bravery i'th' world like decencie. The *Garden* and *Bee-hiue* are all her *Phyſicke* and *Chyrurgery*, and ſhe liues the longer for't. Shee dares goe alone, and vnfold ſheep i'th' night, and feares no manner of ill, becauſe ſhee meanes none: yet to ſay truth, ſhee is neuer alone, for ſhee is ſtill accompanied with old *ſongs*, *honeſt thoughts*, and *prayers*, but ſhort ones; yet they haue their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with inſuing idle cogitations. Laſtly, her dreames are ſo chaſte, that ſhe dare tell them: onely a Fridaies dreame is all her *ſuperſtition*: that ſhee conceales for feare of anger. Thus liues ſhe, and all her care is ſhee may dye in the *Spring-time*, to haue ſtore of flowers ſtuck vpon her winding ſheet.

An

An Arrant Horſe-courſer

HAth the trick to blowe vp Horſ-fleſh, as a Butcher doth Veale, which ſhall waſh out againe in twice riding twixt *Waltham* & *London*. The Trade of Spurre-making had decayed long ſince, but for this vngodly tyre-man. He is curſt all ouer the foure ancient High-wayes of England; none but the blind men that ſel twitches i'th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with ſo many Diſeaſes, one would thinke moſt part about Smithfield were an Hoſpitall for Horſes, or a ſlaughter-houſe for the common hunt. Let him furniſh you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings Warrant ouer-tooke you within ten miles to ſtay your iourney. And though a man can not ſay, he cozens you directly; yet any Oſtler within ten miles, ſhould he be

be brought vpon his Booke-oath, will affirme hee hath layd a bayt for you. Reſolue when you firſt ſtretch your ſelfe in the ſtirrops, you are put as it were vpon ſome Vſurer, that will neuer beare with you paſt his day. He were good to make one that had the Collick alight often, and (if example will cauſe him) make vrine; let him only for that ſay, *Gr'amercy Horſe.* For his ſaile of horſes, he hath falſe couers for all manner of Diſeaſes, only comes ſhort of one thing (which he deſpaires not vtterly to bring to perfection) to make a horſe goe on a wodden legge and two crutches. For powdring his eares with Quickſiluer, and giuing him ſuppoſitories of liue Eeles he's expert. All the while you are a cheaping he feares you will not bite; but he laughs in his ſleeue when he hath cozened you in earneſt. French-men are his beſt Chapmen, he keeps amblers for them on purpoſe, and knowes he can deceiue them very eaſily. He is ſo conſtant to his Trade, that

that while he is awake, he tires any man he talkes with, and when hee's asleepe he dreams very fearefully of the pauing of Smithfield, for he knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy

His life is a meere counterfet Patent: which neuertheles, makes many a Countrey Iustice tremble. *Don Quixotes water Milles* are stil Scotch Bagpipes to him. Hee sendes Challenges by word of mouth: for he protests (as hee is a Gentleman and a brother of the Sword) hee can neither write nor read. He hath runne through diuers parcels of Land, and great houses, beside both the Counters. If any priuate quarrell happen among our great Courtiers, he proclaimes the *businesse*, thats the word, the *businesse*; as if the vnited forces of the *Romish Catholickes*

tholickes were making vp for *Germany*. Hee cheats young Guls that are newly come to Towne; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, he answers him in his own Profession, that a *Woodcocke* must bee pluckt ere he bee drest. Hee is a *Superuisor* to Brothels, & in them is a more vnlawfull reformer of vice, then Prentises on Shrouf-tuesday. He loues his Friend, as a Counsellor at Law loues the veluet Breches he was first made Barrester in, hee'll be sure to weare him thread-bare ere hee forsake him. He sleepes with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his first praier i'th' morning is, hee may remember whom he fell out with ouer-night. *Soldier* he is none, for hee cannot distinguish 'tweene *Onion seede* and *Gunpowder*: if he haue worne it in his hollow tooth for the Tooth-ach, and so come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes, is an estate at Will; and thats borrowing. Land-lords haue but foure

Quarter-

Quarter-dayes; but he three hundred and odde. Hee keeps very good *Company*; yet is a man of no *reckoning*: and when he goes not drunke to bed, hee is very ſick next morning. He commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I haue heard of ſome (that haue ſcap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, onely to deterre men from taking *Tobacco*.

A drunken Dutch-man reſident in England

IS but Quarter-Maſter with his wife. He ſtinkes of Butter, as if hee were noynted all ouer for the Itch. Let him come ouer neuer ſo leane, and plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-howſes in S. *Catherines*, and hee'l bee puſt vp to your hand like a bloate Herring. Of all places of pleaſure, he loues

loues a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Parish) had neede be ringed for rooting. Next to these hee affects Lotteries naturally; and bequeathes the best prize in his Will aforehand; when his hopes fall, hee's blanke. They swarme in great Tenements like flies: sixe House-holds will liue in a Garret. Hee was wont (onely to make vs fooles) to buy the Foxe skin for three pence, and sell the taile for a shilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-waters makes a number of mad-men. He loues a Welch-man extreamly for his Diet and Orthography; that is, for pluralitie of consonants and cheese. Like a Horse, hee's onely guided by the mouth: when hee's drunke, you may thrust your hand into him like an Ele-skinne, and strip him, his inside outwards. Hee hoordes vp faire gold, and pretends 'tis to seethe in his Wiues broth for a consumption, and loues the memory of King *Henry* the 8 most especially for his old Soueraigns.

He

He saies wee are vnwise to lament the decay of Timber in England: for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatsoeuer, hee desires no other thing in the world, then Barrels and Hop-poles. To conclude, the onely two plagues he trembles at, is small Beere, and the Spanish Inquisition.

A Phantastique.

An Improuident young Gallant.

THere is a confederacy between him and his clothes, to be made a puppy: view him wel. & you'll say his Gentry sits as ill vpon him, as if he had boght it with his p̃ny. He hath more places to send money to, then the Diuell hath to send his Spirits: and to furnish each Mistrisse, would make him runne beside his wits, if hee had any to lose. Hee accounts bashfulnesse the

wicked'ſt thing in the world; and therfore ſtudies Impudence. If all men were of his minde, all honeſty would be out of faſhion: he withers his Cloathes on the Stage, as a Sale-man is forc't to do his ſutes in Birchin-lane; and when the Play is done, if you marke his riſing, tis with a kinde of walking Epilogue betweene the two candles, to know if his Suite may paſſe for currant: he ſtudies by the diſcretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboone: three ſuch would keepe three the nimbleſt Barbers in th' towne, from euer hauing leaſure to weare net-Garters: for when they haue to doe with him, they haue many Irons in th' fire. He is trauelled, but to little purpoſe; onely went ouer for a ſquirt, and came backe againe, yet neuer the more mended in his conditions, 'cauſe he carried himſelfe along with him: a Scholler he pretends himſelfe, and ſayes he hath ſweat for it: but the truth is, he knowes *Cornelius*, farre better then *Tacitus*: his ordinary ſports

are

are Cock-fights; but the most frequent, horse-races, from whence hee comes home drie-foundred. Thus when his purse hath cast her calfe, he goes down into the Country, where he is brought to milk and white cheese like the *Switzers*.

A BVTTON-MAKER of Amsterdam,

IS one that is fled ouer from his *Conscience*, and left his wife and children vpon the Parish. For his knowledge, he is meerely a *Horne-booke* without a *Christ-crosse* afore it, and his zeale consists much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: hee cozens men in the purity of his cloathes: and twas his only ioy when he was on this side, to bee in Prison: he cryes out, tis impossible for any man to be damn'd, that lives in his Religion, and his equiuocation is

true: so long as a man liues in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the question. Of all Feasts in the yeere, hee accounts S. *Georges* Feast the prophanest, because of St. *Georges* Crosse, yet sometimes he doth *sacrifice* to his own belly; provided, that he put off the Wake of his owne natiuitie, or wedding, til *good Friday*. If there bee a great feast in the Towne, though most of the wicked (as he cals them) be there, hee will be sure to be a guest, and to out-eat sixe of the fattest *Burgers*: he thinkes, though he may not pray with a *Iew*, hee may eate with a *Iew*: he winkes when hee prayes, and thinks he knowes the waie so now to heauen, that hee can finde it blindefold. Latine he accounts the language of the *Beast* with seuen heades; & when he speakes of his owne Countrie, cries he is fled out of *Babel*. Lastly, his deuotion is *Obstinacy*; the only solace of his heart, *Contradiction*; and his maine end *Hypocrisie*.

A distaster

A Diſtaſter of the Time

IS a *Winter Graſhopper* al the yeer log that looks back vpon *Harueſt*, with a leane paire of cheeks, neuer ſets forward to meete it: his malice ſuckes vp the greateſt part of his own venome, & therewith impoiſoneth himſelfe: and this ſickeneſſe riſes rather of *ſelfe-opinion, or ouer-great expectation*; ſo in the conceit of his owne ouer-worthineſſe, like a *Coiſtrell*, he ſtriues to fill himſelfe with winde, and flyes againſt it. Any mans aduancement is the moſt capital offence that can bee to his malice: yet this enuy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, firſt for himſelfe, hee prepared for others: hee is a *Day-bed for the Diuell* to ſlumber on; his bloud is of a yellowiſh colour: like thoſe that haue bin bitten by *Vipers*: & his gaule flowes as thick in him as oyle, in a poyſon'd ſto

macke. He infects all societie, as thunder sowres wine: war or peace, dearth or plenty, make him equally discontented. And where he findes no cause to taxe the State, he descends to raile against the rate of salt butter. His wishes are *whirle-winds*; which breath'd forth, returne into himselfe, and make him a most giddy & tottering vessell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, he doth but walke in his sleepe, for his visitation is directed to none; his businesse is nothing. Hee is often dumbe-madde, and goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of discontent, though he can be of all religions; therefore truly of none. Thus by vnnaturallizing himselfe, some would think him a very dangerous fellow to the State, but he is not greatly to be fear'd: for this deiection of his, is onely like a rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his begging.

A meere Fellow of a Houſe

EXamines all mens carriage but his owne; and is ſo kinde natured to himſelfe, hee findes fault with all mens but his owne. He weares his apparell much after the faſhion; his meanes will not ſuffer him come too nigh: they afford him *Mock-veluet*, or *Satiniſco*; but not without the Colledges next leaſes acquaintance: his inſide is of the ſelfe ſame faſhion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glaſſe of ſelfe-liking, there *Cræſus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in ſhew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in broader phraſe, are *ſcholeboyes*. On theſe he ſpends the falſe gallop of his tongue; and with ſenſeleſſe diſcourſe towes them along, not out of ignorance. He ſhewes them the rinde, conceales the ſappe: by this meanes he keepes them the longer, himſelfe the better. He hath learn't to cough, and

ſpit and blow his noſe at euery period, to recouer his memorie : and ſtudies chiefely to ſet his eyes and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lies in waite for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebbes nor flowes, but iuſt ſtanding water, betweene *Proteſtant* and *Puritane*. His dreames are of pluralitie of Benefices and non-reſidency; and when he riſes, acts a long Grace to his looking glaſſe. Againſt hee comes to bee ſome great mans Chaplaine, hee hath a habite of boldneſſe, though a very Coward. Hee ſpeakes Swords, Fights *Ergo's* : his paſe on foote is a meaſure; on horſebacke a gallop : for his legs are his owne, though horſe and ſpurres are borrowed. He hath leſſe vſe then poſſeſſion of Bookes. He is not ſo proud, but he will call the meaneſt Author by his name; nor ſo vnskill'd in the Heraldry of a ſtudy, but hee knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowſhip, and begins an other.

A meere Petifogger

IS *one of Sampſons Foxes*: He ſets men together by the eares, more ſhamefully then *Pillories*; & in a long vacation his ſport is to go a Fiſhing *with the Penall ſtatutes*. He cannot erre before Iudgement, and then you ſee it, onely *Writs of error* are the *Tariers* that keep his *Client* vndoing ſomewhat the longer. He is a veſtrie-man in his Pariſh, and eaſily ſets his neighbours at variance with the *Vickar*, when his wicked *counſell* on both ſides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blowes, hee money. His honeſty and learning bring him to *Vnder-ſhrif-ſhip*; which hauing thriſe runne through, he do's not feare the *Lieutenant* a'th'Shire: nay more, he feares not God. *Cowardiſe* holds him a good Common-wealthes man; his pen is the plough, and parchment the Soyle,

Soyle, whence he reapes both Coyne and Curſes. He is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to haue halfe in the County breake their Bonds, were the onely libertie of conſcience: He would wiſh (though he be a *Brownift*) no neighbour of his ſhould pay his tithes duly, if ſuch Sutes held continuall Plea at *weſtminſter*. He cannot away with the reuerend Seruice in our Church, becauſe it ends with *The peace of God*. He loues blowes extreamely, and hath his *Chyrurgions* bill of all rates, from head to foote, to incenſe the fury: he would not giue away his yeerely beatings for a good peece of mony. He makes his Wil in forme of a Law-caſe, full of quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing elſe, yet) for the vexation of Lawe, may haue cauſe to remember him. And if hee thought the Ghoſts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Popery) ſure he would hide

hide ſome ſingle mony in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, that his ſpirit might haunt there. Onely with this, I will pitch him o're the Barre, and leaue him; That his fingers itch after a Bribe, euer ſince his firſt practiſing of Court-hand.

An Ingroſſer of Corne.

THere is no vermine in the Land like him; he ſlanders both Heauen and Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cauſe of ſcarſity. His hording in a deere yeere, is like *Eriſicthons* Bowels in *Ouid*: *Quodque vrbibus eſſe, quodq; ſatis poterat populo, non ſufficit vni.* Hee prayes dayly for more incloſures, and knows no reaſon in his Religion, why we ſhould call our fore-fathers dayes, *The time of ignorance*, but onely becauſe they ſold Wheat for twelue pence a buſhell. He wiſhes that *Danske* were at the *Moloc-*

cos;

cos; and had rather be certaine of some forraine inuasion, then of the setting vp of the Stilyard. When his Barnes and garners are ful (if it be a time of dearth) he wil buy halfe a bushell i'th' Market to serue his Houshold: and winnowes his Corne in the night, lest, as the chaff throwne vpon the water, shew'd plenty in *AEgypt*; so his (carried by the wind) should proclaime his abundance. No painting pleases him so wel, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the seauen leane Kine, that ate vp the fat ones; that hee has in his Parlour, which he will describe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a smothered prayer for the like scarsitie. Hee cannot away with Tobacco; for hee is perswaded (and not much amisse) that tis a sparer of breadcorne; which he could finde in's heart to transport without Licence: but weighing the penaltye, hee growes mealy-mouth'd, and dares not. Sweet smels hee cannot abide; wishes that the pure ayre were generally corrupted:

nay,

nay, that the ſpring had loſt her fragrancy for euer, or wee our ſuperfluous ſenſe of ſmelling (as he tearmes it) that his corne might not be found muſtie. The Poore he accounts the Iuſtices intelligencers, and cannot abide them: he complains of our negligence of diſcouering new parts of the World, only to rid them from our Climate. His Sonne, by a certaine kinde of inſtinct, he bindes Prentiſe to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture hath a deare yere in's his bellie, and rauins bread extreamly: when hee comes to be a freeman (if it be a Dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Diuelliſh Vſurer

IS ſowed as *Cummin* or *Hemp-ſeede*, with curſes; and he thinks he thriues the better. Hee is better read in the *Penall Statutes*, then the Bible; and his euill Angell perſwades him, hee ſhall ſooner

ſooner be ſaued by them. Hee can be no mans friend; for all men hee hath moſt intereſt in, hee vndo's: and a double-dealer hee is certainly; for by his good will he euer takes the forfeit. Hee puts his money to the vnnaturall Act of generation; and his Scriuener is the ſuperuiſor Bawd to't. Good Deeds he loues none, but Seal'd and Deliuered; nor doth he wiſh any thing to thriue in the Countrey, but Bee-hiues; for they make him waxe rich. He hates all but Law-Latine; yet thinkes he might bee drawne to loue a Scholler, could he reduce the yeare to a ſhorter compaſſe, that his vſe-money might come in the faſter: he ſeems to be the ſon of a Iailor, for all his eſtate is moſt heauy & cruell bonds. He doth not giue, but ſel daies of payment; and thoſe at the rate of a mans vndoing: he doth only feare, the day of Iudgement ſhould fall ſooner, then the paiment of ſome great ſum of money due to him: hee remoues his lodging when a Subſidy comes; and if

hee

he be found out, and pay it, hee grum-bles Treason; but tis in such a deformed silence, as Witches rayse their Spirits in. Grauitie he pretends in all things, but in his priuate Whore; for hee will not in a hundreth pound take one light sixe-pence; and it seemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe*, for you must not tell him of a *Spaniard*. Hee is a man of no conscience; for (like the *Iakes-farmer* that swounded with going into Bucklersbury) hee falls into a cold sweat, if hee but looke into the Chauncerie: thinkes in his Religion, wee are in the right for euery thing, if that were abolisht: hee hides his money, as if hee thought to finde it againe at last day, and then begin's old trade with it. His clothes plead prescription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a question: yet should hee liue to be hang'd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pittie his case. The Table he keeps is able to starue twenty tall men; his ser-

uants

uants haue not their liuing, but their dying from him, and that's of Hunger. A ſpare Dyet he commends in al men, but himſelfe: he comes to Cathedrals onely for loue of the ſinging boyes, becauſe they looke hungry. He likes our Religion beſt, becauſe tis beſt cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatorie, cauſe 'twas of his Trade, and brought in ſo much money: his heart goes with the ſame ſnaphance his purſe doth, tis ſeldome open to any man: friendſhip hee accounts but a word without any ſignification; nay, he loues al the world ſo little, that, and it were poſſible, hee would make himſelfe his owne Executor: for certaine, hee is made Adminiſtrator to his own good name, while he is in perfect memorie, for that dyes long afore him; but he is ſo farre from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that hee lets it ſtinke aboue ground. In concluſiõ, for Neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, tis rather

Surfet,

Surfet, the Pox, or Despaire; for seldom such as he dye of Gods making, as honest men should doe.

A Water-Man

IS one that hath learnt to speake well of himselfe; for alwaies hee names himselfe, *The first man.* If he had betane himselfe to some richer Trade, hee could not haue chos'd but done well: for in this (though it be a meane one) he is still plying it, and putting himselfe forward. He is euer more telling strange newes; most commonly lyes. If he be a Sculler, aske him if he be married, hee'l equiuocate and sweare hee's a single man. Little trust is to be giuen to him, for he thinks that day he does best when he fetches most men ouer. His daily labour teaches him the Arte of dissembling; for like a fellow that rides to the Pillorie, he goes not that way he

 lookes:

lookes: hee keepes such a bawling at *Westminster*, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would be tane with him. When he is vpon the water, he is Fare-company: when he comes ashore, he mutinies; and contrary to all other trades, is most surly to Gentlemen, when they tender payment. The Play-houses only keep him sober; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an afternoones man. London-Bridge is the most terriblest eye-sore to him that can be. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Presse*, makes him flye from the Riuer; nor any thing, but a great *Frost*, can teach him any good manners.

A Re-

A Reuerend Iudge

IS one that desires to haue his greatnes, only measur'd by his goodnesse: his care is to appeare such to the people, as he would haue them be; and to be himselfe such as hee appeares; for vertue cannot seeme one thing, and be another: hee knowes that the hill of greatnesse yeeldes a most delightfull prospect, but withall that it is most subiect to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, sit and censure the actions of those are in authority: he squares his owne therefore, that they may farre bee aboue their pity: he wishes fewer Lawes, so they were better obseru'd: and for those are Mulctuarie, he vnderstands their institution not to be like briers or springes, to catch euery thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-marks (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to auoid the ship-

wracke of ignorant paſſengers : hee hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor deſpaire of preferment can draw him to ſuch an exigent : he thinks himſelfe then moſt honorably ſeated, when he giues mercie the vpper hand : hee rather ſtriues to purchaſe good name then land; and of all rich ſtuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to haue his Followers weare their clothes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there he deliuers his minde plainly, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein diſſembling ought to haue leſſe credit, then in a Princes Councel. Thus honour keeps peace with him to the graue, and doth not (as with many) there forſake him, and goe backe with the Heralds : but fairely ſits ore him, and broods out of his memorie, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

A vertuous Widdow

IS the Palme-tree, that thriues not after the ſupplanting of her husband. For her childrens ſake ſhe firſt marries, for ſhee married that ſhe might haue children, and for their ſakes ſhee marries no more. She is like the pureſt gold, onely imployde for Princes meddals, ſhe neuer receiues but one mans impreſſion; the large iointure moues her not, titles of honor cannot ſway hir. To change her name, were (ſhe thinks) to commit a ſinne ſhould make her aſham'd of her husbands calling; ſhe thinks ſhe hath traueld all the world in one man; the reſt of her time therfore ſhe directs to heauen. Her maine ſuperſtition is, ſhe thinks her husbands ghoſt would walke, ſhould ſhe not performe his Will: ſhe would do it, were there no Prerogatiue Court. She giues much to pious vſes, without any hope

to merit by them: and as one Diamond fashions another; so is she wrought into works of Charity, with the dust or ashes of her husband. She liues to see her selfe full of time; being so necessarie for earth, God calles her not to heauen, till she be very aged: and euen then, though her naturall strength faile her, she stands like an ancient *Pyramid*; which the lesse it growes to mans eye, the neerer it reaches to heauen: this latter Chastitie of Hers, is more graue and reuerend, then that ere shee was married; for in it is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor ielousie. Shee ought to be a mirrour for our youngest Dames, to dresse themselues by, when she is fullest of wrinkles. No calamity can now come neere her, for in suffering the losse of her husband, shee accounts all the rest trifles: she hath laid his dead body in the worthiest monument that can be: Shee hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, shee is a Relique, that without any superstition

tion in the world, though she will not be kist, yet may be reuerenc't.

An ordinary Widdow

IS like the Heralds Hearse-cloath; she serues to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband begins in teares; and the end of her teares beginnes in a Husband. She vses to Cunning women to know how many Husbands shee shall haue, and neuer marries without the consent of sixe midwiues. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them she gaines: for one serues to draw on another, and with one at last she shootes out another, as Boyes doe Pellets in Elderne Gunnes. She commends to them a single life, as Horsecoursers doe their Iades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggest of the Guard, but Knighthood

makes her draw in a weaker Bow. Her ſeruants, or kinsfolke, are the Trumpepeters that ſummon any to this combat: by them ſhe gaines much credit, but looſeth it againe in the old Prouerbe: *Fama eſt mendax*. If ſhe liue to be thrice married, ſhe ſeldome failes to cozen her ſecond Husbands Creditors. A Church-man ſhee dare not venture vpon; for ſhe hath heard widdowes complaine of dilapidations: nor a Soldier, though he haue Candlerents in the City, for his eſtate may be ſubiect to fire: very ſeldome a Lawyer, without he ſhew his exceeding great practiſe, & can make her caſe the better: but a Knight with the olde rent may doe much, for a great comming in is all in all with a Widdow; euer prouided, that moſt part of her Plate and Iewels (before the wedding) lye conceal'd with her Scriuener. Thus like a too-ripe Apple, ſhee falles of her ſelfe: but he that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchaſe, for the title is crack't.

crackt. Laſtly, while ſhe is a widdow, obſerue euer, ſhee is no Morning woman: the euening, a good fire and ſack, may make her liſten to a Husband: and if euer ſhe be made ſure, tis vpon a full ſtomake to bed-ward.

A Quackſaluer

IS a Mountebanke of a larger bill then a Taylor; if he can but come by names enow of Diſeaſes, to ſtuffe it with, tis all the skill hee ſtudies for. Hee tooke his firſt being from a Cunning woman, and ſtole this blacke Art from her while he made her Seacoale fire. All the diſeaſes euer ſin brought vpon man, doth he pretend to be Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning is Corne-cutting. A great plague makes him; what with railing againſt ſuch, as leaue their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly breaking

king Cakebread, with the Fiſh-wiues at Funerals, he vtters a moſt abominable deale of muſty *Carduus*-water, and the Conduits cry out, All the learned Doctors may caſt their Caps at him. He parts ſtakes with ſome Apothecary in the Suburbes, at whoſe houſe hee lyes: and though he be neuer ſo familiar with his wife, the Apothecarie dare not (for the richeſt Horne in his ſhop) diſpleaſe him. All the Mid-wiues in the towne are his intelligencers; but Nurſes and young Marchants Wiues (that would faine conceiue with child) theſe are his Idolaters. Hee is a more vniuſt Bone-ſetter, then a Dice-maker; hath put out more eyes then the ſmall Pox; made more deafe then the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more then the Gout; ſhrunke more ſinewes, then one that makes Bow-ſtrings; and kild more idly, then Tobacco. A Magiſtrate that had any way ſo noble a ſpirit, as but to loue a good horſe well, would not ſuffer him to bee a Farrier.

His

His discourse is vomit; and his ignorance, the strongest purgation in the world: to one that would be speedily cured, he hath more delaies, and doubles then a Hare, or a Law-suite: hee seekes to set vs at variance with nature, and rather then hee shall want diseases he'le beget them. His especiall practise (as I sayd afore) is vpon women; labours to make their mindes sicke, ere their bodies feele it, and then there's worke for the Dog-leach. He pretends the cure of mad-men; and sure hee gets most by them, for no man in his perfect witte would meddle with him. Lastly, he is such a Iuggler with Vrinals, so dangerously vnskilfull, that if euer the Cittie will haue recourse to him for diseases that neede purgation, let them imploy him in scouring *More-ditch*.

A Can-

A Canting Rogue.

THis not vnlikely but hee was begot by ſome intelligencer vnder a hedge; for his minde is wholy giuen to trauell. He is not troubled with making of Iointures: he can diuorce himſelfe without the fee of a Proctor, not feares he the crueltie of ouerſeers of his Will. Hee leaues his children all the world to Cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a Conſtant tongue; the Northerne ſpeech differs from the South, Welch from the Corniſh: but Canting is generall, nor euer could be altered by cõqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. He will not beg out of his limit though hee ſtarue; nor breake his oath if hee ſweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and hee payes his cuſtome as truely to his Graund Rogue, as tribute is payd to the great Turke. The

March

March Sunne breedes agues in others but hee adores it like the *Indians*; for then begins his progresse after a hard winter. Ostlers cannot endure him, for he is of the infantry, and serues best on foote. He offends not the Statute against the excesse of apparell, for hee will goe naked, and counts it a voluntarie pennance. Forty of them lie in a Barne together, yet are neuer sued vpon the statute of Inmates. If he were learned, no man could make a better description of *England*; for he hath traueld it ouer and ouer. Lastly, hee bragges, that his great houses are repair'd to his hands, when Churches go to ruine: and those are prisons.

A French

A French Cooke

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Garrison neere famish't, where he practised to make a little goe farre; some driue it from more antiquity, and say *Adam* (when he pickt fallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feed the belly, but the Palate: and though his command lie in the kitchin (which is but an inferiour place) yet shall you finde him a very sawcy companion. Euer since the warres in *Naples*, hee hath so minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his nation should keep a perpetuall diet. The Seruingmen call him the last relique of Popery, that makes men fast against their Conscience. He can be truly said to be no mans fellow but his Masters: for the rest of his seruants are starued by him. Hee is the prime cause why Noble-

Noblemen build their houſes ſo great, for the ſmalnes of their Kitchin, makes the houſe the bigger: and the Lord calles him his Alchymiſt that can extract gold out of hearbs, rootes, muſhroomes or any thing: that which hee dreſſes wee may rather call a drinking, then a meale: yet is he ſo full of variety, that he brags, and truely, that hee giues you but a taſte of what hee can do: he dare not for his life come amõg the Butchers; for ſure they would quarter and bake him after the Engliſh faſhion; hee's ſuch an enemy to Beefe and Mutton. To conclude, he were onely fit to make a funerall feaſt, where men ſhould eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

A Sexton

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. Of all Prouerbs, hee cannot endure to heare that which sayes Wee ought to liue by the quicke, not by the dead. He could willingly all his life time bee confinde to the Church-yard; at least within fiue foote on't: for at euery Church stile, commonly ther's an Ale-house; where let him bee found neuer so idle pated, hee is still a graue drunkard. Hee breakes his fast heartilieſt while he is making a graue, and sayes the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to be a slouen, yet he loues cleane linnen extreamely, and for that reason takes an order that fine holland sheets bee not made wormes meate. Like a nation cald the *Cusani*, he weeps when any are borne, and laughes when they die: the reason; hee goes by Burials

not

not Christnings: hee will hold argument in a Tauerne ouer Sacke, till the Diall and himselfe bee both at a stand: he neuer obserues any time but sermon time, and there he sleepes by the hour-glasse. The rope-maker payes him a pension, and hee paies tribute to the Physitian; for the Physitian makes work for the Sexton; as the Rope-maker for the Hang-man. Lastly, he wishes the Dogge-dayes would last all yeere long: and a great plague is his yere of Iubile.

A Iesuite

IS a larger Spoone for a Traytor to feed with the Diuell, then any other Order: vnclaspe him, and hee's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the fore-head: so superstitiously hee followes the Pope, that hee forsakes Christ, in not giuing *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heauenly; but in medling

with State-buſineſſe, he ſeemes to mix heauen and earth together. His beſt Elements, are Confeſſion & Penance: by the firſt, he finds out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. He ſprang from *Ignatius Loiola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier; and though hee were found out long ſince the inuention of the Canon, 'tis thoght he hath not done leſſe miſchiefe. Hee is a falſe Key to open Princes Cabinets and pry into their Counſels; and where the Popes excommunicatiõ thunders, hee holds it no more ſinne the decrowning of Kings, then our Puritanes doe the ſuppreſſion of Biſhops. His order is full of all irregularity and diſobedience; ambitious aboue all meaſure; for of late dayes, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he reiected the name of Ieſuit, and would bee called Diſciple. In *Rome*, and other countries that giue him freedome, hee weares a Maske vpon his heart; in England he ſhifts it, and puts it vpon his face. No place in our Climate

mate hides him so securely as a Ladies Chamber: the modesty of the *Pursuant* hath onely forborne the bed, and so mist him. There is no Disease in Christendome, that may so properly be call'd *The Kings Euill*. To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, hee's a Foxe; but in the Inquisition, a Lyon Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHatsoeuer is commendable in the graue Orator, is most exquisitly perfect in him; for by a ful and significant action of body, he charmes our attention: sit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you see so many lines drawen from the circumference of so many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center*. He doth not striue to make nature monstrous, she is often seene in the same Scæne with him, but

neither on Stilts nor Crutches; and for his voice tis not lower then the prompter; nor lowder then the Foile and Target. By his action hee fortifies morall precepts with example; for what wee see him personate, wee thinke truely done before vs: a man of a deep thoght might apprehend, the Ghosts of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at seueral times) for many of thē. He is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that make him an excellent Player, or his playing an exquisite Painter. He addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musicke. He entertaines vs in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most vnfit time either for study or bodily exercise. The flight of Hawkes aud chase of wilde beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some thinke this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men haue been of his occupation: and indeed,

deed, what he doth fainedly, that doe others essentially: this day one plaies a Monarch, the next a priuate person. Heere one Acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Parasite this man to night, to morrow a Precisian, and so of diuers others. I obserue, of all men liuing, a worthy Actor in one kinde is the strongest motiue of affection that can be: for when he dies, wee cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I wold doe gold in the oare; I should not minde the drosse but the purity of the mettall.

A Franklin.

HIs outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may giue armes (with the best Gentleman) and ne're fee the Herald. There is no truer seruant in the house then himselfe. Though he be Master, he saies not to his seruants, go to field, but let vs goe; and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flocke, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yeelds him both food and raiment: hee is pleasd with any nourishment God sends, whilest curious gluttonie ransacks, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, only to feed the riot of one meale. He is nere knowne to goe to Law; vnderstanding, to be Law-bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beasts; they thriue not vnder it: and that such men

sleep

sleep as vnquietly, as if their pillowes were stuft with Lawyers pen-kniues. When hee builds, no poore Tenants cottage hinders his prospect: they are indeed his Almes-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. Hee neuer sits vp late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vowed foe of his Lambes: nor vses he any crueltye, but when he hunts the Hare, nor subtilty but when he setteth snares for the Snite, or pitfals for the Blacke-bird; nor oppression, but when in the month of Iuly, he goes to the next riuer, and sheares his sheep. Hee allowes of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead any thing bruised, or the worse for it, though the Countrey Lasses dance in the Church-yard after Euen-song. Rocke-Monday, and the Wake in Summer, shrouings, the wakefull ketches on Christmas Eue, the Hoky, or Seed-cake, these he yerely keeps, yet holds thē no reliques of Poperie. Hee is not so inquisitiue after

newes deriued from the priuie closet, when the finding an eiery of Haukes in his own ground, or the foaling of a Colt come of a good straine, are tydings more pleasant, more profitable. He is Lord paramount within himself, though hee hold by neuer so meane a Tenure; and dyes the more contentedly (though he leaue his heire yong) in regard he leaues him not liable to a couetous Guardian. Lastly, to end him; he cares not when his end comes; hee needs not feare his Audit, for his *Quietus* is in heauen.

A Rymer

IS a fellow whose face is hatcht all ouer with impudence, and should he bee hang'd or pilloried tis armed for it. Hee is a Iuggler with words, yet practises the Art of most vncleanly con-

conueyance. He doth boggle very often; and becauſe himſelfe winkes at it, thinks tis not perceiued: the maine thing that euer he did, was the tune he ſang to. There is nothing in the earth ſo pitifull, no not an Ape-carrier, he is not worth thinking of, and therefore I muſt leaue him as nature left him; a Dunghill not well layd together.

The

The Character of a happy life.

By Sir. H. W:

How happy is he borne or taught,
That serueth not anothers will;
Whose Armour is his honest thought,
And silly Truth *his highest skill.*

Whose passions not his Masters are,
Whose soule is still prepar'd for death:
Vntyed vnto the world with care
Of Princely loue, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreit:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accusers great.

Who

Who enuieth none whom chance doth raiſe,
Or vice: who neuer vnderſtood,
How deepeſt wounds are giuẽ with praiſe,
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good.

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmleſſe day,
With a well choſen Booke or Friend.

This man is free from ſeruile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of Lands:
And hauing nothing, he hath All.

Certaine

CERTAINE EDICTS from a Parliament in *Eutopia*; Written by the Lady *Southwell.*

Inprimis, Hee that hath no other worth to cõmend him then a good Suite of Apparell, ſhall not dare to woe a Lady in his owne behalfe, but ſhall be allowed to carry the Hierogliphike of his friends affection.

Item, that no foule-fac'd Lady ſhall raile on her that is fairer, becauſe ſhe is fairer; nor ſeeke by blacke calumniation to darken her fame, vnleſſe ſhee be her corriuall.

Item, that no man may intitle himſelfe by the matchles name of a friend, that loues vpon condition, vnleſſe hee be a Schoole-maſter.

Item, that no Lady, which modeſtly keeps

keeps her houſe for want of good clothes to viſit her Goſſips, ſhall profeſſe contempt of the worlds vanity, vnleſſe ſhe ſee no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Banckrupt Knight, that to ſet vp ſhop againe becoms Paraſite or Buffone to ſome great Lord, ſhall euer after ſweare by his honour; but by his Knight-hood he may.

Item, that no Lady that vſeth to paint ſhall finde fault with her painter that hath not counterfeted her picture faire enough, vnleſſe ſhe will acknowledge her ſelfe to be the better counterfetter.

Item, that no man, whoſe vaine loue hath beene reiected by a vertuous Lady, ſhall report that he hath refuſed & caſt her off, vnleſſe he will take the baſe lying fellow by the next aſſailant, ſo reiected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady ſhal court her looking glaſſe, paſt one houre in a day, vnleſſe ſhe profeſſe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter-waiter ſhall feed on cheeſe three quarters of a yeere

to

to feaſt on ſatten one quarter, without *Galens* aduice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is ouer-enamored of her ſelfe, and thinks all other ſo too, ſhall be bound to carry a burden of Birdlime on her backe, and ſpinne at a Barne-dore to catch fooles.

Item, he that ſweareth when hee loſeth his money at dice, ſhall challenge his damnation by the way of purchaſe.

Item, no Lady that ſilently ſimpereth for want of wit, ſhall be call'd modeſt.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, & wants wit to encounter her, ſhal think he hath redeemd his credit by putting her to ſilence with ſome laſciuious diſcourſe, vnleſſe hee were white for *William*, and greene for *Sommer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth conſtant for want of aſſault, ſhall be called chaſte.

Item,

Item, he that professeth vertuous loue to a woman, and giues ground when his vanity is reiected; shall haue his bels cut off and flie for a haggard.

Item, she that respecteth the good opinion of others, before the Beeing of good in her selfe, shall not refuse the name of an Hipocrite; and she that emploies al her time in working trappings for her selfe, the name of spider: and she that sets the first quest of enquiry amongst her gossips for new fashions, shal not refuse a stitcher for her second husband.

Item, He that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he professeth to loue her, yet vnder hand commenceth a base suit, and is disdained; shall not on this blow which his owne vice hath giuen him, out of policy raile suddenly on her, for feare he be noted for a vicious foole: but to his friend in priuate he may say that his iudgement was blinded by her cunning disguise, & that he finds her wauering in goodnesse

neſſe, and in time he ſhall openly profeſſe to raile on her; but with ſuch a modeſty forſooth, as if he were loth to bring his iudgement into queſtion; nor would he doe it, but that hee preferres truth euen out of his owne reach.

NEWES

NEVVES FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR,

OLD TRVTH, VNDER A SVP- posall of Noueltie.

Occasioned by diuers Essayes, and priuate *passages of Wit, betweene sundrie Gentlemen vpon that subiect.*

Newes from Court.

IT is thought heere that there are as great miseries beyond happinesse, as a this side it, as *being in loue.* That truth is euery mans by assenting. That time makes euery thing aged, and yet it selfe was

neuer but a minute olde. That, next sleepe, the greatest deuourer of time is businesse: the greatest stretcher of it, *Passion*: the truest measure of it, *Contemplation*. To be saued, alwaies is the best plot: and vertue alwaies cleeres her way as shee goes. *Vice* is euer behind-hand with it selfe. That *Wit* and a *woman* are two fraile things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increast mankind, then the end. That the madnesse of Loue is to be sicke of one part, and cured by another. The madnesse of Iealousie, that it is so diligent, and yet it hopes to lose his labor. That all Women for the bodily part, are but the same meaning put in diuers wordes. That the difference in the sense is their vnderstanding. That the wisedome of *Action*, is *Discretion*; the knowledge of *contemplation*, is truth: the knowledge of action is men. That the first considers what should be, the latter makes vse of what is,

That

That euery man is weake in his owne humours. That euery man a little beyond himſefe is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance. That the matter of greatneſſe is compariſon. That God made one world of *Subſtances*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned vppe *trumpe*. That cuſtome is the ſoule of circumſtances. That cuſtome hath ſo farre preuailed, that *Truth* is now the greateſt newes. Sir, *T. Ouer*.

Anſwere to the Court Newes.

THat *Happineſſe* and *Miſerie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodneſſe* is not *Felicitie*, but the rode thither. That Mans ſtrength is but a viciſſitude of falling and riſing. That onely to refraine ill, is to be ill ſtill. That the plot

of Saluation was laid before the plot of *Paradiſe*. That enioying is the preparatiue to contemning. That hee that ſeekes opinion beyond merite, goes iuſt ſo farre backe. That no man can obtaine his deſires; nor in the world hath not to his meaſure. That to ſtudie, men are more profitable then bookes. That mens loues are their afflictions. That Titles of Honor, are rattles to ſtill ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butte*, and feares *Quiuer*. That the ſoules of Women and Louers, are wrapt in the portmanque of their ſenſes. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and wiſedome the wooſe of the cloth; ſo that womens ſoules were neuer made vp. That enuie knowes what it will not confeſſe. That *Goodneſſe* is like the Art *Proſpectiue*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That Man, Woman, and the Diuell, are the three degrees of compariſon. That this Newes holds number, but

not

not weight, by which couple all things receiue forme.

Countrey Newes.

THat there is moſt heere, for it gathers in going. That reputation is meaſured by the Acre. That Pouerty is the greateſt diſhoneſty. That the pittie of *Alaſſe poore ſoule*, is for the moſt part miſtaken. That Roſt Beefe is the beſt ſmell. That a Iuſtice of peace, is the beſt relique of Idolatrie. That the Allegory of Iuſtice drawne blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to liue to heauenly, is accounted great wrong. That wiſedome deſcends in a race. That we loue Names better then perſons. That to hold in Knights ſeruice, is a ſlipperie ſeruice. That a Papiſt is a new word for a Traitor. That the duty of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is loſt in the want of humilitie. That the Pnri-

tane perſecution is as a clowde that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Countrey-men, thruſt the honour on the *Welch*. That a Courtier neuer attaynes his ſelfe-knowledge, but by report. That his beſt Embleme is a Hearne-dogge. That many great men are ſo proud, that they know not their owne Fathers. That Loue is the taile-worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne firſt fame. That to remember, to know, and to vnderſtand, are 3. degrees not vnderſtood. That Countrey ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a Seruing-mans valor: Martyrdome their Maſters. That to liue long, is to fill vp the dayes wee liue. That the zeale of ſome mens Religion reflects from their Friends. That the pleaſure of vice, is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodnes is

from

from within, the externall is pollicy. That good and ill is the crosse and pile in the aime of life. That the Soule is the lampe of the body, Reason of the Soule, Religion of Reason, Faith of Religion, Christ of Faith. That circumstances are the Atomies of policy, Censure the being, Action the life, but successe the Ornament. That Authority presseth downe with weight, and is thought violence: policy trips vp the heeles, & is called the dexterity. That this life is a throng in a narrow passage, hee that is first out, findes ease, hee in the middle worst hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmost that driues both out afore him, though not suffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment. That Heauen is the easiest purchase, for we are the richer for the disbursing. That liberality should haue no obiect but the poore, if our mindes were rich. That the mystery of greatnesse is to keepe the inferiour

ignorant of it. That all this is no Newes to a better wit. *That the City cares not what the Countrey thinkes.*

SIR. T. R.

Newes from the very Countrey.

THat it is a Fripery of Courtiers, Marchants, and others, which haue been in fashion, and are very neere worne out. That Iustices of Peace haue the felling of vnderwoods, but the Lords haue the great fals. The Iesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, here and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost deere; now you may haue them for nothing, in euery cottage. That euery great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that deuoures vertues, and lesse vices. That it is wholsomest getting a stomacke by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftiest laying

of

of it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London*, close prisoners, and here haue the liberty of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blinde beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whom. That there are (God be thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* & *Westminster-Hall*. That onely Christmas Lords know their ends. That Women are not so tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well vpon Beds, as plashed against walles. That our carts are neuer worse imploied, then when they are wayted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authors, like haires in horse tailes concur in one root of beauty and strength, but being pluckt out one by one, serue only for Springes and Snares. That both want and abundance, equally aduance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and stones are both good casting for an Hawke. That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because

wee

we doe not all eat thereof. That our beſt three-pilde miſchiefe comes from beyond the ſea, and rides poſt through the country, but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife & children, your owne are the beſt paſtime, anothers wife and your children worſe, your wife & anothers children worſt. That Stateſmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Fauorites courſe her, and are euer in view. That intemperance is not ſo vnwholſome heere; for none euer ſaw Sparrow ſicke of the poxe. That heere is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is becauſe heere are no ſecrets. That Court-motions are vp and downe; ours circular: theirs like ſquibs cannot ſtay at the higheſt, nor returne to the place which they roſe from, but vaniſh and weare out in the way: Ours like Mil-wheeles, buſie without changing place; they haue peremptory fortunes; wee viciſſitudes.

I. D.

Anſwere

Answere to the very Countrey Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cook of time, and made dresser of his own fatting. That the fiue Senses are Cinque-ports for temptation, the traffique sinne, the Lieutenant *Sathan*, the custome-tribute, soules. That the Citizens of the high Court grow rich by simplicitie; but those of *London*, by simple craft. That life, death, and time, do with short cudgels dance the Matachine. That those which dwell vnder the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, then those of *Frigida*. That *Policie* and *Superstition* hath of late her masque rent from her face, and shee is found with a wry mouth and a stinking breath, and those that courted her hotly, hate her now in the same degree, or beyond. That Nature too much louing her owne, becomes

becomes vnnaturall and fooliſh. That the ſoule in ſome is like an egge, hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and cold beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not beleeue, till the faire ſhell being broken, the ſtinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperficies of vertue, to ſupport her contrary, all-ſufficient. That clemency within and without, is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future, is retyred into the Countrey, and time preſent, dwells at Court. That I, liuing neere the Church-yard, where many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared, it will diſperſe further into the Kingdome.

A. S.

Newes to the Vniuersitie.

A Mere Scholler is but a liue booke Action doth expresse knowledg better then words; so much of the soule is lost as the body cannot vtter. To teach, should rather be an effect, then the purpose of learning. Age decaies nature, perfects Art: therefore, the glory of youth, is strength; of the gray head, wisedome; yet most condemne the follies of their owne infancy, runne after those of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquitie, will beare an old error against a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Heraldrie* of Arts, the array of Iudgment, none it selfe, nor any Science, without it: where it and learning meete not, must be either a skilful ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Vnderstanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Discretion containes *Rhethorique*; the next way to learne

learne good words, is to learne ſenſe; the neweſt *Philoſophy* is ſoundeſt, the eldeſt *Diuinitie*: *Aſtronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magicke. There is no honeſtie of the bodie, without health, which no man hath had, ſince *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the firſt mother of ſickneſſe, is now the daughter. Nothing dyes, but qualities. No kinde in the world can periſh, without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular intereſt: So, in Arts, which are but tranſlations of nature, there is no ſound poſition in any one, which, imagine falſe, there may not from it be drawne ſtrong concluſions, to diſprone all the reſt. Where one truth is granted, it may bee by direct meanes, brought to confirme any other, controuerted. The ſoule and bodie of the firſt man, were made fit to bee immortall together: we cannot liue to the one, but we muſt dye to the other. A man and a Chriſtian, are two creatures. Our

per-

perfection in this World is vertue; in the next, knowledge; when we shall read the glory of God in his own face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the best pleasure is to haue no obiect of pleasure, & vniformity is a better prospect then variety. That putting to Sea is change of life, but not of condition; where risings and falls, Calmes, and crosse-gales are yours, in order and turne; fore-windes, but by chance. That it is the worst winde to haue no winde, and that your smooth fac'd Courtier, deading your course by a calme, giues greater impediment, then an open enemies crosse-gale. That leuitie is a vertue, for many are held vp by it. That it's nothing so intricate and infinite, to rigge a ship, as a woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leake. That to pumpe

pumpe the one, and ſhreeue the other, is alike noyſome. That ſmall faults hibituated, are as dangerous as little leakes vnfound; and that to puniſh and not preuent, is to labour in the pumpe, & leaue the leake open. That it is beſt ſtriking Sayle before a ſtorme, and neceſſarieſt, in it. That a little time in our life, is beſt, as the ſhorteſt cut to our Hauen, is the happieſt voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly; and yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then ſome kinde of one. That expedition is euery where to be bribed, but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke vpon the water; and that the ſound of Commoditie drowns the noiſe of a Storme, eſpecially of an abſent one. That I haue once in my life, out-gone night at Sea, but neuer darkneſſe; and that I ſhall neuer wonder to ſee a hard world, becauſe I haue liued to ſee the Sunne, a bankrupt; being ready to ſtarue for cold in his perpetuall

petuall presence. That a mans companions are (like ships) to be kept in distance, for falling foule one of another; onely with my friend I will close. That the faireſt field for a running head is the Sea, where he may runne himselfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leaue more before then behinde, and all will bee but *via Navis*, without print or tracke, for so is mortall instruction to youthes watrish humour. That though a Shippe vnder Saile be a good sight, yet it is better to see her moor'd in the Hauen. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my flesh, so I saue the passenger. And heere I cast Anchor.

W. S.

Forren Newes of the yeere. 1616.

From France.

IT is deliuered from *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their Wines: those that being new, are hard and harsh, proue best: the most pleasing are least lasting. That an enemy, fierce at the first onset, is as a torrent tumbling downe a mountaine; a while it beates all before it: haue but that whiles patience, you may passe it dry foote. That a penetrating iudgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodies gate; if this appeare affected, apish and vnstable; a wonder if that be setled.

That vaine glory, new fashions, and the *French* disease, are vpon termes of quitting

quitting their Countries Alleadgeance, to be made free Denisons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmity haue their scarres, which cannot bee so well closed to the sight, but they will lie open, to the memory. That, a Princes pleasurable vices, vshered by authoritie, and waited on by conniuence, sooner punish themselues, by the subiects imitation; then they can bee reformed by remonstance or correction; so apt, are all ill examples to rebound on them, that giue them. That Kings heare truth oftener for the tellers, then their owne aduantage.

From Spaine,

THat the shortest cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of most, feares most. That it more vexeth the proud, that men despise them, then that they not

feare them. That greatnes is fruitfull enough, when other helpes faile, to beget on it selfe-destruction. That it is a grosse flattering of tyred crueltie, to honest it with the tittle of clemencie. That to eat much at other mens cost, and little at his owne, is the wholesomest and most nourishing diet, both in Court and Country. That, those are aptest to domineere ouer others, who by suffering indignities, haue learned to offer them. That, ambition, like a sillie Doue, flies vp, to fall downe, it mindes not whence it came, but whither it will. That, euen Galley-slaues, setting light by their captiuitie, finde freedome in bondage. That, to bee slow in military businesse, is to bee so courteous as to giue the way to an enemy. That lightning and greatnesse more feare then hurt.

From

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called veniall) sin is to passe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues; and that those should be held henceforth his Holinesse beneficiall friends, that sinne vpon hope of pardon. That where vice is a Sate-commodity, he is an offender that often offendes not. That Iewes and Curtezans there, are as beasts that men feed, to feed on. That for an Englishman to abide at *Rome*, is not so dangerous as report makes it; since it skilles not where we liue; so we take heed how we liue. That greatnesse comes not downe by the way it went vp, there being often found a small distance betweene the highest and the lowest Fortunes. That rackt authority is oft lesse at home then abroad regarded, while things that seeme, are (commonly) more a farre off then at hand feared.

From Venice

THat the most profitable Banke, is the true vse of a mans selfe, whiles such as grow mouldy in idlenes, make their houses their Tombes, and die before their death. That many dangerous spirits lie buried in their wants which had they meanes to their mindes would dare as much as those that with their better Fortunes ouer top them. That professed Curtezans, if they bee any way good, it is because they are openly badde. That frugalitie is the richest treasure of an estate, where men feede for hunger, cloath for cold and modestie, and spend for Honour, Charity and Safety.

Grom

From Germany.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-good-fellowſhip, is like to ſticke by that Nation as long as the multitude of Offenders ſo benums the ſenſe of offending, as that a common blot is held no ſtaine. That diſcretions muſt be taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwiſe, ſhall both proue his owne to light, and fall ſhort of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-caſt of euery ſleight danger, ſeldome giues either faithfull or fruitfull counſell. That the Empire of *Germany*, is not more great then that ouer a mans ſelfe.

From the Low Countries.

THat one of the sureſt grounds of a mans liberty, is, not to giue another power ouer it. That the moſt dangerous plunge wereto, to put thine enemie, is, deſperation; while, foreing him to ſet light by his owne life, thou makeſt him maſter of thine. That neglected danger, lights ſooneſt, and heavieſt. That they are wiſeſt, who, in the likelihoode of good, prouide for ill. That, ſince pittie dwelles at the next doore to miſerie, he liueth moſt at eaſe, that is neighboured with enuy. That the euill fortune of the wars, as well as the good, is variable.

Newes from my Lodging.

THat the beſt proſpect, is to looke inward. That it is quietter ſleeping in a good conſcience, then a whole skinne. That a ſoule in a fat body, lies ſoft, and is loath to riſe. That, he muſt riſe betimes, who would coſen the Diuell. That *Flatterie* is increaſed, from a pillow, vnder the elbow, to a bed vnder the whole body. That *Policie*, is the vnſleeping night of reaſon. That, he who ſleepes in the cradle of ſecuritie, ſinnes ſoundly, without ſtarting. That guilt is the Flea of the conſcience. That, no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in priuate, is, nothing ſo conuenient, as a hang'd Traitour in publike. That the religion of *Papiſtrie*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. That the life

of

of most Women is walkeing in their sleepe, and they talke their dreames. That, Chambering is counted a ciuiller qualitie, then playing at tables in the Hal, though seruing-men vse both. That the best bedfellow for all times in the yeare, is a good bed without a fellow. That he who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempest within. That he who will rise, must first lie downe, and take humilitie in his way. That sleepe is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twi-light of life and death. That in sleepe we kindely shake death by the hand; but when we are awaked, wee will not know him. That often sleepings are so many trials to die, that at last we may doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their Chamber: and that I haue none secret enough to tempt a strangers curiositie, or a Seruants discouerie.

God giue you good morrow.

B. R.

Newes of my morning Worke

THat to be good, the way is to be moſt alone, or, the beſt accompanied. That, the way to heauen, is miſtaken for the moſt Melancholy-walke. That, the moſt feare the worlds opinion, more, then Gods diſpleaſure. That, a Court-friend, ſeldome goes further, then the firſt degree of Charitie. That, the Diuell is the perfecteſt Courtier. That, innocency, was firſt cozen to man, now, guiltineſſe, hath the neereſt alliance. That, ſleepe, is deaths Leger Embaſſadour. That, time, can neuer be ſpent: wee paſſe by it, and can not returne. That, none can bee ſure of more time, then an inſtant. That, ſinne makes worke for repentance, or the Diuell. That, patience, hath more power, then afflictions. That, euery ones memory is diuided into two parts: the part looſing

all

all is the Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court liues in persecution, like protestants in Spaine. That predestination and constancy are alike vncertaine to be iudged of. That reason makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a Kings fauorite. That being sicke begins a suit to God, being well, possesseth it. That helth is the Coach which carries to Heauen, sickenesse the post-horse. That worldly delights to one in extreame sickenesse, is like a high candle to a blinde man. That absence doth sharpen loue, presence strēgthens it; that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burnes cleere: that loue often breakes friendship, that euer encreaseth loue. That constancy of women, and loue in men, is alike rare. That Art is trueths Iugler. That falshood playes a larger part in the world then trueth. That blind zeale and lame knowledge are alike apt to ill. That fortune is humblest, where most contemned

temned. That no porter but resolution keepes feare out of mindes, That the face of goodnesse without a body is the worst wickednesse. That womens fortunes aspire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit is the woorst *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not worthy beeing a friend, wrongs himselfe by beeing in acquaintance. That the worst part of ignorance, is making good and ill seeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Mist. B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT is said among the folke here, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his fast in this world: if in his youth, hee hath left vs at dinner. That it is bedtime with a man at three score and ten: and hee that liues to a hun-

hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after ſupper. That the humble minded man makes the loweſt curteſie. That grace before meat, is our election before we were: grace after meat our ſaluation when we are gone. The ſoule that halts betweene two opinions, fals betweene two ſtooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table, is the breade before the ſalt. He that hates to be reproo-ued, ſits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapeſt ſawce, and nature the cheapeſt gueſt. The ſenſible man and the ſilent woman, are the beſt diſcourſers. Repentance, without amendment, is but the ſhifting of a foule trencher. He that tells a lie, to ſaue his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeue, to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a iefter, is the fiddle, that the harts of the company, dance to. The tongue of a foole, caues a peece of his heart, to euery man that ſits next him. A ſilent man, is a couered meſſe. The contented man, onely, is his owne caruer. He

that

that hath many friends eates too much salt with his meate. That wit without discretion, cuts other men meate and his owne fingers. That the soule of a chollericke man, sits euer by the fire-side. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of aduersitie. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miser his belly into his purse. That the best company makes the vpper end of the table, and not the saltseller. The superfluity of a mans possessions is the broken meate that should remaine to the poore. That the enuious keepes his knife in his hand, and swallowes his meate whole. A rich foole among the wise is a gilt empty bowle amongst the thirstie. Ignorance is an insensible hunger. The water of life is the best wine. He that robs mee of my inuention, bids himselfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcom when he is gone. The vaine-glorious man pisseth more then he drinks. That no man can drinke an health out of the

cup

cup of blessing. To surfet vpon wit, is more dangerous, then to want it. He, that's ouercome of any passion, is dry drunk. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith, then the eye of reason. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith, is the elbow for a heauie soule to leane on. He, that sinnes, that he may repent, surfets, that hee may take physicke. He that riseth without thankesgiuing, goes away and owes for his ordinary. Hee that beginnes to repent when he is old, neuer washed his hands till night. That, this life, is but one day, of three meales, or one meale of three courses: childe-hood, youth and old age. That, to suppe well, is to liue well: and that's the way, to sleepe well. That, no man goes to bed, till he dies; nor wakes till he be dead. And therefore,

Goodnight to you heere,
and good morrow heereafter.

I. C.

Newes from the Church.

IT was thought heere, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a crosse course, that lye downe there. That those that will not rise, their souls must, and carry their bodyes to iudgement, That we haue spent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyonde mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Iustice. That Christ when hee went away, left good seede in his Church; and when he comes againe, he shall finde Christians, but not faith. That the Diuell hath got vpon vs, the same way, that hee did at the first, by drawing shadowes ouer substances, as he did the body ouer the soule. That *Protestants* weare the name of Christ for a Charme, as *Papists* doe the Crosse. That States vse it, the Clergy liue by

it, the People follow it, more by a ſtreame, then one by one. That all are religious rather then ſome, That euery one lookes to another, but not to himſelfe. That they goe ſo by throngs to Heauen, that it is to bee feared they take the broader way. That the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea; the elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongſt the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheate the Diuell, to turne man the right ſide outward, and ſet the ſoule foremoſt againe. That the ſoule may be too ranke too, if wee looke not to it: and ſo a *Puritane* often times meets a *Papiſt* in ſuperſtition another way. That to binde from, and to indifferent things, is equall, though it be thought otherwiſe. That ſome, out of a good meaning, haue fallen this way into a vice. That theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceiued, and leſſe to be blamed; but as dangerous as the other, if they take heede. That the rule is in all things

the

the body and the soule must goe together, but the better before. That wee haue contended so long about the body of Religion, that some men thought it was dead: That so *Atheists* are come into the Church, and that it will be as hard to cast them out as Diuels. That those which haue thus broken the peace of *Ierusalem*, are obliged to satisfaction; and those which first gaue them cause of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Composition. That a pure *Bishop* is the best gouernment, if the pride on both sides would let them know it. That all Controuersies for the most part, leaue the trueth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanse the way for others, but not for themselues. That sincerity, in the cause of trueth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, haue made the world mad. That we haue a

ſhorter cut to it, and a ſurer way then *Drake* had ouer the world, if wee could find it out. That euery man is a briefe of the whole; and as he is ſo, he is greater then a King. That euery King is a briefe of his Land, and hee hath a *Patterne* of the gouernment of it alwayes about him. That as the honour that he giues vnto his Nobles and Counſellours is a charge; ſo is that which God giues him. That as he requires an account, ſo he muſt giue. That he is the Image of God in his kingdome, as man is in the World. That therefore the Subiects ow him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That thoſe that will not obey, are neither good Subiects, nor good men. That to obey well, is as great a thing as to gouerne, and more mens duties. That thoſe that thinke not ſo, know not the Chriſtians part, which is to ſuffer. That though States bee naught, if they profeſſe Religion, they may deliuer many men ſafe to Heauen, though they goe

not

not themſelues, and ſo they are like bad Miniſters. That this is Gods vſe of both, and of the world too, to conuey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the ſame vſe, and the Elect are the Church themſelues. That they are the Temple of the holy ghoſt, and therefore ought to plucke downe their Idols, and ſet vp God there. That the Idolles of theſe times, are Couetouſneſſe, pride, Gluttony, wantonneſſe, Hereſies, and ſuch like admiration and ſeruing of our ſelues. That we muſt make all time an occaſion of amendment, becauſe the Diuell makes it an occaſion to tempt. That he is a Spirit, and therefore is cunninger then we. That there is no way to reſiſt him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his Maſter. That this is the gift of God, which he giueth to all that are his. That it is encreaſed by the word, and held by humility and prayer. That Faith is the effect of it, and workes the aſſurance.

That thus the vnderstanding and will, which is the whole soule of man, is made vp againe, and sanctifies the body. That so wee are the members of Christ. That our Head is in Heauen, as a pawne, that where he is, we shall bee. That there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the Science of soules, and God the Teacher.

Newes from the Bed.

THat the bed is the best Rendevous of mankinde, and the most necessarie ornament of a Chamber. That Souldiers are good antiquaries in keeping the olde fashion, for the first bed was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his best Counseller. That *Adam* lay in state, when the heauen was his canopie. That the naked trueth is, *Adam* and *Eue* lay without sheets. That they were either very innocent, very ignorant, or very impudent, they

they were not ashamed the heauens should see them ly without a couerlet. That it is likly *Eue* studied Astronomie, which makes the posteritie of her Sex euer since to lye on their backs. That the circumference of the bed, is nothing so wide as the conuex of the heauens, yet it containes a whole world. That the fiue Senses are the greatest sleepers. That a slothfull man is but a reasonable Dormouse. That the Soule euer wakes to watch the bodie. That a iealous man sleeps dog-sleep. That sleepe makes no difference betweene a wise man and a foole. That for all times sleep is the best bedfellow. That the deuill and mischiefe euer wake. That loue is a dreame. That the preposterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleasing dreames, fartheſt off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more custome then all the world beside. That if dreames and wishes had beene all true, there had not been since Poperie, one Maide to make a Nun of.

That the secure man sleeps soundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but starts to thinke the vngodlier Courtier will pull them downe againe. That sleepers were neuer dangerous in a state. There is a naturall reason, why Popish Priests chuse the bed to confesse their women vpon, for they hold it necessarie, that humiliation should follow shrift. That if the bed should speake all it knows, it would put many to the blush. That it is fit the bed should know more then paper.

R. S.

Newes from Shipbord.

THat Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake. That he that liues without Religion, sayles without a compasse. That the wantonnesse

of

of a peacefull Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpesse before a storme. That the foole is Sea-sicke in a Calme, but the Wisemans stomacke endures all weathers. That passions in a foole are Ordinance broken loose in a storme, that alter their propertie of offending others and ruine himselfe. That good Fortunes are a soft quick-sand, aduersitie a rocke; both equally dangerous. That vertue is in pouertie a ready rigg'd Ship that lyes windbound. That good fashion in a man is like the Pilot in a Shippe, that doth most with least force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Ankor, you shall find his heart by it wheresoeuer it lyes. Wisedome makes vse of the crosses of this world, as a skilfull Pylot of Rocks for Sea-marks to saile by.

H. R.

Newes from the Chimney corner.

THat wit is Brushwood, Iudgement Timber: the one giues the greatest flame,

flame, the other yeelds the durableſt heate, and both meeting makes the beſt fire. That Bawds and Atturneyes are Andyrons that hold vp their Clyents till they burne each other to aſhes they receiue warmth by theſe; theſe by them their deſtruction. That a Wiſe-rich-man is like the backe or ſtocke of the Chimney, and his wealth the fire, it owne neede, but to reflect the heat to others good. That Houſe-keeping in England is ſaine from a great fire in a hot ſummers day, to boughes in the Chimney all winter long. That mans reaſon in matter of faith is Fire, in the firſt degree of his aſcent flame, next ſmoake, and then nothing. A young fellow ſaine in loue with a Whore, is ſaid to be ſaine a ſleepe in the Chimney corner. Hee that leaues his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſit vp and watch a coale. That the couetous rich man only freezes before the fire. That Choller is an ill gueſt that piſſes in the Chimney for want of a Chamber pot.

That

That chaſte Beautie is like the bellowes, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burne. That hee that expounds the Scriptures vpon the warrant of his owne ſpirit only, layes the brands together without tongues, and is ſure (at leaſt) to burne his owne fingers. That the louer keeps a great fire in's houſe all the yeere long. That deuotion, like fire in froſtie weather, burnes hotteſt in affliction. That ſuch Fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lye in bed all day in winter to ſpare firewood. That a couetous man is a dog in a wheele, that toyles to roaſt meat for other mens eating. The Pagans worſhipping the Sunne are ſaid to holde their hands to the Glo-worme in ſteade of a coale for heat. That a wiſe mans heart is like a broad hearth that keeps the coales (his paſſions) from burning the houſe. That good deeds, in this life, are coales raked vp in embers, to make a fire next day.

A couetous man.

THis man would loue honour and adore God if there were an L. more in his name; He hath cophind vp his foule in his chists before his body; He could wish he were in *Midas* his taking for hunger on condition he had his chymicall qualitie: At the grant of a new subsidie he would gladly hang himselfe were it not for the charge of buying a Rope and beginnes to take money vpon vse when he hears of a priuie seale. His morning prayer is to ouerlooke his bagges whose euery parcel begets his adoration. Then to his studies which are how to couzen this tennant, begger that Widdow or to vndoe some Orphane, Then his bonds are veiwed, the wel-knowen dayes of payment con'de by hart, and if he euer pray it is some one may breake his day that the beloued forefeiture may be obtained. His vse is doubled and noe one sixpence begot or borne

bome but presently by an vntimely thrifte it is getting more, His chimney, must not be acquainted with fire for feare of mischance, but if extremitie of cold pinch him he gets him heat with looking on, and sometime remooving his aged wood-pile which he meanes to leaue to many discents till it hath outliued all the woods of that countrey, He neuer spends candle but at Christmas (when he has them for new-yeeres gifts) in hope that his seruants will breake glasses for want of light which they doublie pay for in their wages; His actions are guilty of more crimes then any other mens thoughts and he conceaues no sinne which he dare not act saue only lust, from which he abstaynes for feare he should be charged with keeping Bastards, once a yere he feasts the reliques of which meale shall serue him the next quarter In his talk he rails against eating of breakfasts drinkeing betwixt meals, and sweares he is impouerished with paying of tythes. He had rather

haue the frame of the world fall then the price of corne; If he chance to trauell he curses his fortune that his place bindes him to ryde and his faithfull cloackbag is sure to take care for his kuision. His nights are as troublesome as the dayes euerie rat awakes him out of his unquiet sleepes; If he haue a Daughter to marrie he wishes he were in Hungarie or might follow the custome of that countrey that all her portion might be a wedding gowne. If he fall sicke he had rather die a thousand deaths then pay for any Phisicke, and if he might haue his choice he would not goe to heauen but on condition he may put money to vse there. In fine he liues a drudge, dyes a wretch that leaues a heap of pelfe (which so many carefull hands had scraped together) to hast after him to Hell and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purse.

The proud man.

IS one in whom pride is a qualitie that condemnes euery one beſides his maſter, who when he weares new cloaths thinks himſelfe wrong'd if they be not obſeru'd imitated and his diſcretion in the choice of his faſhion and ſtuffe, aplauded when he vouchſafes to bleſſe the ayre which his preſence; he goes as neare the wall as his Sattin ſuite will giue him leaue and euery paſſenger he viewes vnder the eye browes, to obſerue whether he vayles his bonnet low enough which he returnes with an Imperious Nod; He neuer ſalutes firſt, but his farewell is perpetuall. In his attyre he is effeminate, euerie haire knowes his owne ſtation which if it chance to looſe, it is, checkt in againe with his pocket combe. He had rather haue the whole common wealth out of ord er then the leaſt member of his much

Muchatoe and chooſes rather to looſe his patrimonie then to haue his band ruſled at a feaſt; if he be not placed in the higheſt ſeat, he eates nothing, howſoeuer he drinkes to no man, talkes with no man for feare of familiaritie, He profeſſeth to keepe his ſtomacke for the Pheaſant or the Quaile and when they come he can eate little he hath beene ſo cloyed with them that yeere although they be the firſt he ſaw. In his diſcourſe he talkes of none but priuie counſellours and is as prone to belie their acquaintance as he is a Ladyes fauours, if he haue but twelue pence in his purſe he will giue it for the beſt roome in a play houſe; He goes to Sermons, onely to ſhow his cloathes and if on other inferiour dayes he chance to meete his friend he is ſorry he ſees him not in his beſt ſuite.

A Prison.

IT should be Christs Hospitall, for most of your wealthy citizens are good benefactours to it and yet it can hardly be so, because so few in that are kept vpon almes. Charityes house and this are built many miles a sunder. One thing notwithstanding is heere prayse-worthy, for men in this persecution cannot chuse but proove good christians in that they are a kinde of Martyres, and suffer. And yet it is so cursed a peece of land that the sonne is ashamed to be his fathers heyre in it. It is an infected pest-house all the yeere long: the plague sores of the law and diseases heere wholely raigning. The Surgeons are Atturneyes and Pettifoggers, who kill more, then they cure. Lord haue mercy vppon vs may well stand ouer these doores, for debt is a most dangerous and catching citie

peſtilence. Some take this place for the walkes in moorefields, (by reaſon the mad men are ſo neere) but the croſſes heere and there are not alike. No it is not halfe ſo ſweete an ayre, for it is the dunghill of the law, vpon which is throwne the ruynes of gentry, and the Naſty heapes of voluntary decayed Bankerupts: by which meanes it coms to be a perfect meddal of the Iron age, ſythence nothing but lengling of keyes, rattling of ſhackles, Boults and grates are here to be heard. It is the horſe of Troy in whoſe wombe are ſhut vp all the mad Greekes that are men of action. *Nullum vacuum* (vnleſſe in priſoners bellyes) is here truely to be prooued. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it ſelfe for the arranteſt coward breathing being poſted hither comes in three dayes to an admirable ſtomacke, does any man deſire to learne muſicke? euery man heere ſings *Lachryma* at firſt ſight: and is hardly out, he runnes diuiſion vpon euery note,

note, And yet (to their commendations be it ſpoken none of them for all that diuiſion) doe trouble the Church. They are noe Anabaptiſts, if you aske vnder what Horizon this clymate lyes the Bermudas and it, are both vnder one and the ſame height. And whereas ſome ſuppoſe that this Iland (like that) is haunted with deuils it is not ſo, for thoſe deuils (ſo talked of and feared) are non elſe but hoggiſh laylours, hither you needs not ſayle, for it is a ſhip of it ſelfe: the maſters ſide is the vpper decks. They in the common layle ly vnder hatches and helpe to ballaſſe it: Intricate caſes are the tacklings. executions the Ancors, capiaſſes, the Cables, chancery Bills the huge ſailes, A long tearme, the maſt, law the helme, A Iudge the Pylot, a councell the Purſer, an Atturney the Boatſwayne, his fleeting clerke the Swabber, Bonds, the waues, Outlawryes, guſts, The verdicts of Iuries rough windes, extents the Rockes, That ſplit all in peeces.

Or if it be not a Shippe, yet this and a Ship differ not much in the Building the one is a moouing misery, the other a standing. The first is seated on a Spring the second on Pyles. Either this place is an Embleme of a Bawdy house or a Bawdy house of it, for nothing is to be seene (in any Roome) but Scuruy Beds and bare walles. But not so much to dishonour it) it is an vniuersity of poore Schoolers, in which three Artes are chiefly studyed. To pray, to curse, and to write letters.

A Prisoner.

IS one that hath beene a monyed man and is still a very close fellow, whosoeuer is of his acquaintanee, let them make much of him, for they shall finde him as fast a friend as any in England: he is a sure man and you know where to finde him. The corruption of a Banckerupt is commonly the generation

tion of this creature, he dwelles on the back-fid of the world, or in the Suburbs of societie, and liues in a Tenement which he is sure none will goe about to take ouer his head. To a man that walkes abroad he is one of the antipodes, that goes on the top of the world, and this vnder it. At his first comming in he is a peece of new coyne, all sharking old prisoners lye sucking at his purse an old man and he are much alike, neither of them both go farre, They are still angry, and peeuish and they sleepe little. He was borne at the fall of Babell, the confusion of languages is onely in his mouth. All the vacations he speakes as good english, as any man in England: and in tearme times he breakes out of that, hopping one-leg'd pace into a racking trot of Issues, Billes replications, reioynders demurs querrels *subpenas &c.* able to fright a simple country fellow, and make him beleeue he coniures, whatsoeuer his complexion was before, it

turne (in this place) to choller or deepe melancholy so that he needs euery howre to take phisicke to loose his body for that (like his estate) is very foule and corrupt and extremely hard bound The taking of an execution of his stomacke giues him fiue or six stooles and leaues his body very solible. The withdrawing of an action is a vomite. He is no sound man; And yet an vtter Barrester (nay a seriant of the case) will feede heartely vppon him, he is very goood picking meate for a lawyer: The Barber Surgeons may (if they will) beg him for an Anatomy after he hath suffered execution; an excellent lectuarie may be made vpon his body: he is a kinde of dead carcas, creditors, lawyers and Iailours, deuoure it, creditors picke out his eyes with his owne teares, Lawyers flea him of his owne skinne and lap him in partchment, and Iaylours are the *Promethean* vultures that gnaw his very heart. He is a bondslaue to the law and (albeit he were a shop-keeper in

London

London) yet he cannot write himſelfe a free man. His religion is of fiue or ſix collours, this day he prays that God may turne the hearts of his creditours, And to morrow he curſeth the houre that euer he ſaw them. His apparrell is daubd commonly with ſtatute late, the ſuite it ſelfe of durance and the hoſe full of long Paynes: He hath many other laſting ſuites which he himſelfe is neuer able to weare out for they weare out him. The zodiaque of his life is like that of the Sunne (mary not halfe ſo glorious; It beginnes in Aries and endes in Piſces. Both heade and feete are all the yeare long in troubleſome and laborious motions and weſtminſter hall is his ſpheare. He liues betwene the two Tropiques (Cancer & Capricorne) and by that meanes is in Double danger (of crabbed creditours) for his purſe, and hornes for his heade if his wiues heeles be light. If he be a gentleman he alters his armes ſo ſoone as he comes in. Few (here carrie feilds

or argent, but whatsoeuer they bare before here the giue only Sables whiles he lyes by it he; traueling ore the Alpes and the hearts of his creditours are the snowes that ly vnmelted in the middle of sommer. He is an Almanacke out of date: none of his dayes speakes of faire weather. Of all the files of men he marcheth in the last and comes limping, for he is shot and is no man of this world, vnlesse he be fetcht of nobly. He hath lost his way & being benighted strayed into a wood full of wolues & nothing so hard as to get away without being deuoured he that walkes frō sixe to sixe in Pawles goes still but a coytes cast before this man.

A Creditour.

IS a man that torments men for their good conditions he is one of Deucalions sonnes begotten of a stone, The marble image in the Temple Church that ly crosse-legd doe much resemble him sauing that his is a little more crosse, he weares a forefeited band vnder

der that part of his girdle where his thumbe ſticks with as much pride as a welchman does a leeke on Saint *Davids* day: and quarrels more and longer about it. he is a catchpoles mornings draught for the newes that ſuch a gallants come yeſternight to towne, drawes both muſcadell out of him & monie to. He ſayes the Lords prayers backwards or (to ſpeake better of him) he hath a pater-noſter by himſelfe. And that particle forgiue vs our debts as we forgiue others &c: he either quite leaues out, or elſe leapes ouer that. It is a dangerous Rub in the alley of his conſcience. He is the bloud hound of the law and hunts counter very ſwiftly and with great iudgement. He hath a quick-ſent to ſmell out his gayne and a good deep mouth to purſue it yet neuer opens but when he bytes and bytes not but he killes or at leaſt drawes blood and then he pincheth moſt doggedly. He is a lawyers moyle and the onely Beaſt vpon which he ambles ſo often

to Westminster and a lawyer is his God Almighty in him onely he trusts, to him he flyes in all his troubles, from him he seekes succour, to him he prays that he may by his meanes ouercome his enemies. him does he worship both in the Temple and abroad, and hopes by him and good Angels to prosper in all his actions. A Scriuener is his farrier and helpes to recouer all his diseased and maymed obligations. Euery Tearme he sets vp a Tenters in Westminster Hall vpon which he rackes and stretches gentlemen like english broad cloth beyond the staple of the wooll till the threeds cracke, and that causeth them with the lest wet to shrinke and presently to weare bare; Marrie he handles a citizen (at least if him selfe be one) like a peece of Spanish cloth giues him onely a touch and straynes him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to breake himselfe, and then he can cut nothing out of him but shreds, to the one he comes like Tamberlaine

with

with his blacke and bloudy flags, But to the other his white one hangs out. And (vpon the pearle) rather then faile he takes ten groates i'th pound for his ranſome and ſo lets him march away with bagge and baggage. From the beginning of Hillary to the end of Michaelmas his purſe is full of quick-ſiluer and that ſets him running from Sunne-riſe to Sunne-ſet vp fleet ſtreete and ſo to the chancery, from thence to Weſt-minſter, then backe to one court after that to another, then to Atturney then to a counſellour, and in euery of theſe places he melts ſome of his fat (his monie) in the vacation he goes to graſſe and gets vp his fleſh againe which he bates as you haue hard If he were to be hangd vnleſſe he could be ſaued by his booke he cannot for his heart call for a Pſalme of mercy. He is a knaue trapbaited with parchment and wax, the fearefull myce he catches are debtors with whom ſcratching Atturneyes like cats play a good while and

then

then mouze them, The belly is an vnſatiable creditour but man worſe.

A Sarieant.

WAs once taken (when he bare office in his pariſh) for an honeſt man the ſpawne of a decayed ſhopkeeper begets this fry, out of that dunghill is the Serpents egge hatched. It is a deuill made ſometimes out of on of the twelue companies and does but ſtudie the parte and rehearſe on earth to be perfect when he comes to act it in hell, that is his ſtage. The hangman and he are twinnes; onely the Hangman is the elder brother and he dying without iſſue (as commonly he does for non but a rope makers widdow will marry him) this then inherites, his habite is a long Gowne made at firſt to couer his knauerie but that growing to monſtrous he now goes in buffe, his conſcience and that being both cut out of one hyde and are of one toughneſſe. The counter gate is his kennall the whole

whole citie his Parris Garden the misery of poore men (but especially of bad liuers) are the offales on which he feeds. The deuill calles him his white sonne, he is so like him that he is the worse for it. And he takes after his father, for the one torments bodyes as fast as the other tortures soules. Moncy is the crust he leapes at, cry a ducke a ducke and he plunges not in so eagerly as at this. The dogs chaps water to fetch nothing else, he hath his name for the same qualitie for Serieant is *Quasi R: see Argent* looke you Rogues here is money. He goes muffled like a theefe and carryes still the markes of one, for he steales vpon a man cowardly, plucks him by the throate makes him stand, and fleeces him. In this they differ, the theefe is more valiant & more honest, his walks in terme time are vp fleetestreete, at the end of tearme vp holeburne and so to tyburne the gallowes are his purlues in which the hangman and hee are the quarter rangers, the one

turnes

turnes of and the other cuts downe, all the vacation he lyes Imbogude behinde the lettice of ſome blinde drunken baudy alehouſe, & if he ſpy his prey out he leapes like a freebooter and ryffles or like a bandog worryes. No officer to the citie keepes his oath ſo vpright heneuer is forſworne for he ſweares to be true varlet to the citie and he continues ſo to his dying day. Mace which is ſo comfortable to the ſtomack in all kind of meates turnes in his hand to mortall poyſon, this Rauen picks not out mens eyes as others doe, all his ſpite is at their ſhoulders and you were better to haue the night more ride you then this Incubus. When any of the furyes in Hell dy, this *Cacodæmon* hath the reuerſion of his place. He will venture as deſperatly vpon the Pox as any roaring Boy of thē all. For when he arreſts a whore himſelf puts her in cōmon bail at his owne peril, and ſhe paies him ſoundly for his labour vpō on of the ſhe rieſes cuſtards he is not ſo greedy nor ſo

ſharpe

ſharpe ſet as at ſuch a ſtew pot. The citie (is by the cuſtome) to feede him with good meat, as they ſend dead horſes to their hounds onely to keepe them both in good heart, for not onely thoſe cures at the doghouſe but theſe within the walls are to ſerue in their places, in in their ſeuerall hunting. He is a citizens birdlyme and where he houlds he hanges.

This Yeoman.

IS the Hanger that a ſargeant weares by his ſide it is a falſe dye of the ſame bale but not the ſame cut, for it runnes ſome-what higher and does more miſchiefe. It is a tumbler to dryue in the conyes. He is yet but a bungler & knows not how to cut vp a man without tearing but by a patterne, one tearme fleſhes him or a fleet-ſtreet breakefaſt. The deuill is but his father in law and yet for the loue he beares him he will

leaue

leaue him as much as if he were his owne childe. And for that cauſe (in ſteade of prayers) he does euery morning at the countergate aske him bleſſing and thryues the better in his actions all the day after. This is the hooke that hangs vnder water to chok the fiſh and his ſarieant is the quil abone water which pops downe ſo ſoone as euer the bate is ſwallowed. It is indeed an otter and the more terrible deſtroyer of the two. This counter rat hath a tayle as long as his fellows but his teeth are more ſharpe and he more hungry becauſe he does but ſnap and hath not his full halfe ſhare of the booty the eye of this wolfe is as quicke in his heade as a cutpurſes in a throng, and as nimble is he at his buſineſſe as a hangman at an execution. His office is as the dogs to worrie the ſheep firſt, or driue them to the ſhambles. The butcher that cuts his throat ſteps out afterwards and that's his Sarieant. His liuing lyes with in the citie but his conſcience lies buri-

ed

ed in one of the holes of a counter This Eele is bread too out of the mud of a Bankerupt and dyes commonly with his guts ript vp, or els a ſudden ſtab ſends him of his laſt errant. He will very greedily take a cut with a ſword, and ſuck more Siluer out of the wound then his Surgean ſhall. His beginning is deteſtable, his courſes deſperate, and his end damnable.

A Iaylour.

IS a creature miſtaken in the making, for he ſhould be a Tyger. But the ſhape being thought too terrible, it is couered and he weares the vizor of a man: yet retaynes the qualities of his former fiercenes, curriſhnes, and rauening. Of that red earth of which man was faſhioned, This peece was the baſeſt of the rubbiſh which was left, and throwne by came a Iaylour, Or if God had ſomething els to doe then to regard ſuch traſh, his diſcent, is then more ancyent, but more Ignoble, for

then he comes of the race of those Angels, that fell with Lucifer from heauen, whither he neuer (or very hardly) returnes, Of all his Bunches of keyes not one hath wards to open that doore. For a Iaylours soule stands not vpon those two Pillors that support heauen, (Iustice and mercy) it rather sits vpon those two footestooles of hell, wrong and cruelty. He is a Iudges slaue, a prisoner's his. In this they differ he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. He is the hangman of the law with a lame hand, and if the law gaue him all his limbes perfect he would strike those on whom he is glad to fawne. In fighting against a debtor he is a creditours second, But obserues not the lawes of the Duello, for his play is fowle, and on all base aduantages. His conscience and his shakles hangs vp together and are made very neere of the same mettle sauing that the one is harder then the other and hath one propertie aboue Iron for that neuer melts. He distills

money

mony out of the poores tears, & grows fat by their curſes, No man comming to the practicall part of hell: can diſcharge it better, becauſe here he does nothing but ſtudie the theorique of it. His houſe is the picture of hell, and the originall of the letters Pattents of his office ſtand exemplifyed there. A chamber of lowſie beds is better worth to him then the beſt acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almoſt impoſſible) viz: To ſaue all his priſoners that none euer eſcape and to be ſaued himſelfe. His eares are ſtopt, to the cryes of others, and Gods to his; and good reaſon, for lay the life of man in one ſcoale, and his fees on the other, he will looſe the firſt to find the ſecond. He muſt looke for no mercy (if he deſires iuſtice to be done him for he ſhewes none, And I thinke he cares the leſſe, becauſe he knowes heauen hath no neede of Iaylours. The doores there want no porters, for they ſtand euer open. If it were

possible for all creatures in the world, to sleep euery night. He only and a Tyrant cannot. That blessing is taken from them, and this curse comes in the steade, to be euer in feare, and euer hated what estate can be worse.

What a Character is.

IF I must speake the Schoole-masters language I will confesse that Character comes of this infinitiue moode χαράττω which signifieth to ingraue, or make a deepe Impression. And for that cause, a letter (as A. B.) is called a Character.

Those Elements which we learne first, leauing a strong seale in our memories.

Character is also taken for an Egiptian Hierogiphicke; for an impresse, or shorte Embleme; in little comprehending much.

To ſquare out a Character by our Engliſh leuell, it is a picture (reall or perſonall) quaintlie drawne in various collours, all of them heightned by one ſhadowing.

It is a quicke and ſoft touch of many ſtrings, all ſhutting vp in one muſicall cloſe: It is wits deſcant on any plaine ſong.

FINIS.